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TIME

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FOR THE FUN OF IT.



MORE MUST BE DONE TO REMOVE THE FEAR OF WHAT IT COSTS TO BE SICK.

THERE IS A HEALTH CARE CRISIS IN AMERICA

Medical costs are rising every day. Americans spent \$547 per capita last year for health care, a rise of 13% in twelve months. In 1965, the average hospital stay cost \$347. This year, the cost has risen to \$1,100. In the next four years, expenditures in this country for health care could increase by a staggering 100 billion dollars. The private life and health insurance companies of America believe that something must be done now to relieve this awesome and increasing burden, to make sure that all Americans can receive the health care they need, when they need it, at a cost each can afford.

WHAT WE'VE DONE

The cost of health care for the American public is not a new issue. In our business, we have worked for years to remove the fear of the terrible cost of serious illness. Health coverage has improved enormously in recent years. 175,000,000 people in this country have some form of private health insurance. Over 149,000,000 are insured for catastrophic illness, in many cases with benefits as high as \$250,000 or more. The figures show that the private health insurance system in America works, and works hard.

The numbers are impressive and growing. But in the face of runaway medical costs, we don't think numbers are enough. A way must be found to control the cost of health care in an age when equipment and manpower are more expensive every day.

WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW

- We actively support programs designed to restrain medical costs and improve the quality of health care.
- We support the expansion of professional standards review boards, to monitor the necessity for treatment and quality of care, not only for Medicare and Medicaid patients, but for everybody.
- We support programs which would require hospitals to justify their rates and charges year by year, to keep costs as low as possible, without damaging the quality of care.
- We support strong health planning for every community, to provide care without unnecessary duplication of services.
- We support the development of innovative health care delivery systems including the expansion of out-patient care centers, to provide a less costly alternative to hospitalization, with a strong emphasis on preventive medicine.
- We support community health education, to help people learn how to lead healthy lives, and to encourage them to seek early diagnosis and to follow doctors' instructions.

WHAT MUST BE DONE IN THE FUTURE

The private insurance business, the hospital and medical professions, and government must begin together to do what no one sector could do alone—assure quality health care for everyone while at the same time doing everything possible to

combat rising costs.

All this can be done. It can be done without enormous cost to taxpayers, by dividing the burden between the government and the private sectors. The private sector would offer the widest range of health care and coverage at the lowest possible cost. Government would set guidelines for the whole health care system, and continue to assume responsibility for the health care costs of the poor and aged. Thus, we can create a system which will adequately care for each American, while preserving the freedom of choice and dignity of each human being.

THERE IS A LOT OF WORK TO DO

By working together, we can make certain that each American will have available the treatment the health care system in this country has made possible, and the individual, personal service we in the health insurance business have worked so long to provide. In the private sector we have learned one thing—health care is not numbers. Health care is people, and all of us must be cared for as people, as individuals, each with different needs.

America is a rich and decent country. The 1,000,000 people in the private life and health insurance business believe that the time has come when every American can and must be saved from the fear of what it costs to be sick.

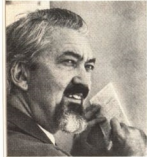
The Life and Health Insurance Companies in America

The impersonal future? That's not our way of doing business.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"R and R."—rest and recreation—is a term that has slipped into the vernacular from military usage. There is a certain aptness in using the term to describe the New York City writing stint that TIME Beirut Bureau Chief Karsten Prager is undertaking as part of a home leave. Though still hard at work, Prager is taking a well-deserved break from

EDDIE EDAMS



WILTON WYNN

14 relentless months of observing first-hand the Middle East's most savage internecine conflict. Says Prager: "Beirut was always the place where one took a plane to cover a story somewhere else. The change is tragic, to put it mildly." He wrote the main Middle East story in this week's issue, and has contributed a personal view of the bloody strife in the Lebanese capital (see box page 27). He has even found time in New York to take in a few movies for the first time in many months and one Broadway play, *Equus*.

While Prager changes pace, the Beirut beat is being filled by Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, who spent four years as an Associated Press correspondent in Beirut before joining TIME and knows the city intimately. With TIME's Dean Breilis of Athens, Wynn had lately been a more and more frequent visitor to Lebanon, as the conflict demanded a greater share of the world's attention and, naturally, of TIME's efforts. In this instance, the homecoming was far from joyful.

Awards are a pleasure all their own, and TIME staffers have won several of late. Hong Kong Correspondent William McWhirter, recently transferred from TIME's London bureau, has received a coveted John Hancock award for business journalism for his reporting of last September's special story, "Upstairs/Downstairs at the Factory." It portrayed Britain's labor situation and the deep social conflict between workers and owners in the microcosm of one large firm. Associate Editor Peter Stoler has won a Special Achievement award from the Sigma Delta Chi Deadline Club for the cover story "Hypertension: Conquering the Quiet Killer." Three other TIME staffers and contributors last week received Page One awards from the Newspaper Guild of New York. They are: Associate Editor Burton Pine, for a report on the growing conflict between rich and poor nations; Photographer Dirk Halstead, for his color treatment of new international beauties; and Photographer Ken Regan, for his color photos of Boxer Chuck Wepner. The Newspaper Guild of New York also presented TIME itself with an award for the outstanding quality of its Indochina reporting last year.

In addition, the American Bar Association has once again given TIME the Certificate of Merit in its annual Gavel awards competition for legal reporting. Singled out were: "The Crime Wave," a cover story written by Jose M. Ferrer III, James Atwater and John Leo; "The Truth About Hoover," written by Ed Magnuson; and "Curling It Without Killing It," a story on bringing the Federal Bureau of Investigation under control, written by Frank B. Merrick.

Ralph P. Davidson

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To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar'.

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

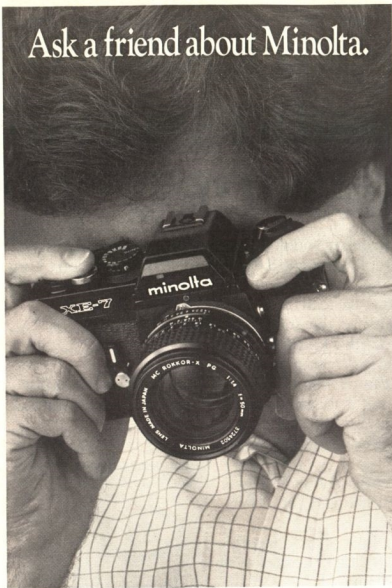
So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



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FILTER 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

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The newest Minolta reflexes use electronics to make fine photography virtually effortless. Incredibly smooth, quiet shutters automatically adjust speed up to the instant you shoot for unparalleled exposure accuracy. And you never have to look away from the total information viewfinder to make adjustments, so you're free to concentrate on your subject.

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So, after talking to your friend about Minolta, talk to your Minolta dealer. You'll like what you hear. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglo-photo, Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta

FORUM

Point of Honor

To the Editors:

Cheating is not new at West Point (June 7), or in any school, despite codes of honor. But to have it reach the proportions suggested in the recent investigations strikes deep at a moral core. Are the lines between right and wrong, the lines between power and impotence, between success and failure so blurred that any means justifies the end? The specter of T.S. Eliot's "hollow men" looms over our Bicentennial.

Rebecca Peterson
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

Your pictures told the story: the shaved heads, "beast barracks," the cruel faces of the plebes in formation, and



the frightened clods being hazed or braced. Militarism, be it American or Prussian, is a stupid, vicious anachronism. Honor code? What honor is there in Balalaava, the Somme, Belsen, Dresden, Hiroshima and My Lai?

Alex T. Merrick
Agoura, Calif.

When I taught there in the '50s, the instructors at West Point had a joke about the honor system: the Academy had the honor, but the cadets had the system!

Pierre C. Haber
New York City

West Point provides a transition from Main Street, U.S.A., to the battlefield. Would you rather trust your son to the command of an officer who you know is honorable and whose integrity is of the highest order or to an officer who lies, cheats, steals and tolerates his peers who do?

Is it less dishonorable to lie about shining shoes than it is about an order under battle conditions? Can a woman be a little bit pregnant? I have just re-

The results of the \$250,000 Longest Ball Challenge:

Titleist – no show.

Blue Max – no show.

Royal + 6 – no show.

Wilson LD – no show.

Maxfli – no show.

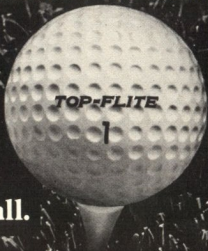
Titleist DT – no show.

Last season, Top-Flite put its money where its mouth is: \$250,000 to any of these other leading balls that can beat Top-Flite in a distance test using golfers like yourself. (Top-Flite previously won a test like this by up to 13 yards!)

Judging from the turnout, the other leading balls must finally concede what golfers knew all along:

Top-Flite® is The Longest Ball.

Sold through golf professional shops.



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First Skyhawk on the block.

Neighborhood traditionalists will be aghast. Imagine something that small and rakish running around with a Buick nameplate.

Youngsters up and down the street will be agog. (Little kids always seem to respond to shiny things with wheels.)

Friends won't waste much time bugging you for a chance to drive it. You know, to see if what they say about the Buick V-6 engine is true.

You know you'll have to give your folks a guided tour of it. And that you'll have to field some questions about money and what you get for the money and all that.

But you're prepared. After all, it's not like you went out and bought the most expensive, least practical car around.

In fact, because you bought your Skyhawk now, you ended up with a real value. Thanks to a special Buick offer that lets you get a 5-speed manual transmission or a 3-speed automatic transmission on your Skyhawk at no extra charge. (That offer, by the way, is good only as long as the supply lasts.)

Anyway, you can be pretty sure your mom will ask you dad why *they* can't open the rear window and fold down the rear seats in *their* car.

Naturally everyone will have to go out for a spin in the little rascal. With your dad at the wheel. He'll probably get a little philosophical. Remind you of his first really new car. Stuff like that.

Finally, when all the obligations and ceremonies are over, it'll be just you and your new Skyhawk.

Chances are you'll want to make one more pass through the neighborhood. Let your Skyhawk turn a few heads.

Just to remind everyone on the block where they saw it first.



BUICK Dedicated to the *Free Spirit*
in just about *everyone.*

FORUM

turned from my 40th reunion at West Point with the consoling conviction that the corps today, the current crisis notwithstanding, embraces the same sense of honor that has sustained it for 174 years. The corps will rid itself of the very few who don't measure up to its standards.

L.E. Laurion, USMA '36
Wichita, Kans.

The prime difference between the way things are done at the Point and the way they are done on the Severn is that the Naval Academy system is somewhat more realistic in terms of human behavior. You are expected to conform to the Naval Academy's standards for behavior and its regulations. If you are caught committing a breach of conduct or an "offense," you are punished and pay the price. At West Point, the system, in addition to having the built-in potential for abuse also has the built-in mechanism for self-destruction pointed out in your article. It is somewhat analogous to the zealous Red Guard self-destruction syndrome which became a part of the Cultural Revolution in Red China. Systems like these are born in fear and inadequacy and ultimately lead to abuses, temptations and recriminations.

Harold E. Collins, USNA '52
Commander, U.S. Navy (ret.)
Rockville, Md.

Sex on the Hill

Let's not blame a working girl like Elizabeth Ray for making Hays while the sun shines [June 7]. The Ohio Representative pays for his fun with our money—a clear case of taxation without representation.

Harold Willens
Los Angeles

So the hideaway where Elizabeth Ray and other women worked on Representative Wayne Hays' projects was known as the "Board of Education." This Board of Education never complained about "bussing," did it?

Arthur H. Prince
Memphis

In view of the many programs that Congress funds with our money, it is refreshing to find out that at least one American is being paid for what Congress has been doing to the country for years.

Darrell Kermoade
Denver

Listening to Paul

Your cover story [May 31] was the first in-depth study that didn't criticize Paul McCartney's capriciousness, sentimentality, pop dabbling at the expense of classicism and, most

ungodly, his flaunting of marital bliss.

It's about time. Enough critical pedantry. This true musical genius has given us a range of tunes and lyrics that has encompassed variable moods from the foot-tapping youthful memories of *Listen to What the Man Said* to the bourbon-sipping lost-love pining of *Yesterday*. Keep the silly love songs coming, Paul.

Gary Tambrin
Jamaica, N.Y.

To est Or Not To est

John Leo's article on est [June 7] moves me to write. I am a real estate broker in Los Angeles and since I took the est training a year and a half ago my income has nearly doubled. My relationship with my wife, which was O.K., has flowered into a beautiful thing and, most dramatically, my father and I, after 43 years of not communicating, have become fast friends.

Derek Roberts
Los Angeles

est can be compared to parachuting from an airplane at 4,000 feet in that it is something that must be experienced. The est experience can be achieved only by attending the *entire* training and keeping the basic agreements. The first agreement is to keep our souls in the room at all times during the train-

Seagram's, the perfect martini gin.

Season after season, Seagram's Extra Dry is the perfect martini gin.
Seagram's Gin. The perfect martini gin.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86/89 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

ing. The second agreement is not to reveal contents of the training except through our experience.

Your writer failed to keep these agreements. I severely question the degree to which Mr. Leo's life works. It seems he has chosen to be the effect rather than the cause of his life.

Greg Powers
Indianapolis

You can get the feeling of an est weekend by pounding your finger with a hammer. It feels so good when you stop.

L. V. Beck
Stamford, Conn.

No Pure Ideas

The charge of plagiarism against my book *Passages* [May 10] is wholly false. There are no precise facts when one is examining the human personality. And there are almost no pure ideas: everyone has been influenced by someone who has gone before. We are all students of Freud. In this instance, the original theory came from Erik Erikson. Most of the current research, I discovered, was being done by men who were studying other men. I focused on the life stages of women, and once it became apparent that the development rhythms of the two sexes are strikingly unsynchronized, I went on to examine

the predictable crises for couples.

My book makes no claim to be the definitive work on adult development. Readers will take from it whatever clicks of recognition apply to them, or to their friends and loved ones. Indeed, some of the sharpest insights into the human personality have come not from psychologists but from writers, many of whom are also cited in the 50 pages of footnotes, bibliography and index that accompany my book.

Gail Sheehy
New York City

Ire in Eire

As a consequence of suffering the tensions of the Irish double-speak [May 24], the Irish insensibility to romantic love, their ridicule of tragic feeling, the refusal, repression and escapism of a defensive people who fear their private thoughts and desires, I have now reached the critical level of ambiguity that is helping to produce schizophrenia and, regrettably, yet another emigrant.

Bernard O'Sullivan
Cork, Ireland

That Quiet Concorde

My auditory feathers sure get ruffled when I read of the hypocrites who condemn the Concorde because for a few minutes upon takeoff the noise lev-

el reaches 129 decibels [June 7]. These same hypocrites sit for hours and listen to a rock group playing (or rather making noise) at anywhere between 120 and 130 decibels.

I suggest that these so-called environmentalists keep listening to their music and before long they will not even hear the Concorde take off.

Al Guerrini
Modesto, Calif.

Bad Company

Your review of John Ehrlichman's novel, *The Company* [May 31], instigated the following speculation. If other historical miscreants had written novels based on their experiences, American literature would have been enriched by the following: a psychological study of treason by Benedict Arnold, detailing how a simple soldier was pressured by society to become a turncoat; a thriller by John Wilkes Booth showing how he was really a misunderstood hero who had been seduced into crime by evil Yankee villainy; a political novel by Jefferson Davis, describing the daily life and irritations of a fictional President.

John F. Kusske
St. Paul, Minn.

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THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL CAMPAIGNING HAD FAILED TO CARRY MISSOURI...



SO BETTY FORD TOOK UP THE FIGHT IN IOWA

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE June 28, 1976 Vol. 107, No. 27

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

A Touch of Class

Marxists in various corners of the globe—and possibly even some people in the U.S.—who think of the American workman as downtrodden, etc., should have taken a look at Las Vegas last week. Even though the International Brotherhood of Teamsters is operating in the red and is raising dues for its 2.2 million members by at least 25% (to a minimum of \$10 a month), the Teamsters held their 21st international convention last week far from any conceivable barricades, amid the gaudy luxuries of Las Vegas. No pickers even in hard times, the bosses pushed through a 25% pay boost for themselves. That should ease matters considerably for Teamster President Frank E. Fitzsimmons, 68, who could scarcely support a life-style that includes golfing dates with Richard Nixon on his old salary of \$125,000 (plus perks like an executive jet and an unlimited expense account). When a few Teamsters complained about the bosses' high salaries and high-handed ways, Fitzsimmons silenced them with characteristic class. "Go to hell," said he.

Fitz's response was all the more remarkable in view of the pressures his union is under. Only last week a former administrator of the union's Northern California trust funds was charged with embezzling \$2.4 million; at the same time, Fitz disclosed that he had been subpoenaed to appear in Washington, reportedly about alleged irregularities in the Teamsters' huge (nearly \$2 billion)

Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund. Said Fitzsimmons to thunderous cheers: "I'll challenge the record of any international union, of any corporation as far as America is concerned, against [our] record."

Ah, solidarity forever!

Who Is Stingy of All?

The U.S. has often been chided for being stingy with its aid to developing countries. But the U.S. is far from the worst offender. Among the 17 members of the Development Assistance Committee of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the U.S. is tied for twelfth place with Japan (both countries devote 0.25% of their gross national product to such projects). Sweden is first (0.72%). The unchallenged occupants of 17th and last place are the Swiss (0.14%), even though they rank as the richest people among the world's industrialized countries, with a per capita income of \$8,740.

Uneasy over the country's growing reputation as an Alpine penny pincher, the government recently won parliamentary support for a modest \$80 million contribution to the World Bank to help the world's neediest nations. But an odd coalition of extreme left- and right-wing politicians launched a popular initiative against the proposal. When it came to a referendum last week, the Swiss resoundingly rejected the aid scheme, 713,855 to 550,557. *The Tribune de Genève* fretted that the outcome betrayed an "egoistic, isolationist trait in the Swiss character," but that hardly

came as a surprise to critics of the country's preoccupation with money. They point out that the legal code inflicts heavier penalties for failure to pay a hotel bill than for statutory rape.

Expatriate in the Abbey

How perfectly ironic that this writer, having emigrated from America to England as a young man and spent his last 40 years there as an expatriate, should have had to wait so long for an honor accorded to so many who came long after him (W.H. Auden and T.S. Eliot, to name but two), largely because his popularity had declined before he had, a circumstance that occurred mainly as a result of his later novels, featuring what one critic described as "this very complex style... really quite tough going, with very long sentences," exemplified in books such as *The Ambassadors*, *The Golden Bowl*, and others; and how splendid that the honor was accorded him in a city (London) which had first repelled him as a raw, Hogarthian place, and more precisely, in a cathedral (Westminster Abbey) from which he had once fled because the crowds emitted an odor that "was not that of incense," and that he eventually came to love both places; and how quite exquisitely appropriate that last week, finally, he was recognized with a marble plaque placed in the floor of Poets' Corner, near where Eliot and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow are also memorialized, and reading simply: "Henry James. O.M. for Order of Merit/ Novelist. New York 1843. London 1916."



SMILING HARD AT THE REAGANS...



AND THE CHALLENGER COURTED DES MOINES REPUBLICANS IN A CLOSE CONTEST

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

Who Would Lose Less to Carter?

Riding tall after his victories in the past two weeks, facing still more sweeps of delegates in the next month, Ronald Reagan stands close to an even chance of capturing the Republican nomination. And any major party nominee—no matter how far back he starts—has the possibility of being elected President. This prospect raises several provocative questions for the Republican Party and for the nation. Can Reagan really edge out Gerald Ford, and if so, how? Which Republican would be a tougher opponent for Jimmy Carter? And would Candidate Reagan help or hurt other Republican office seekers in November?

The confident challenger and the apprehensive incumbent clashed for delegates at three state conventions last weekend. Ford took Iowa by a hair, 19 to 17, and won 13 delegates in friendly Delaware. But in Washington state, Reagan captured 31 delegates to the President's seven. Typically, the Reaganites simply outorganized and out-worked the somnolent Ford forces in Washington.

After last week's divisive battles, Ford led Reagan in committed delegates 1,050 to 977 (needed to nominate at the convention in August: 1,130). But Reagan has been catching up, and he will further narrow the President's lead in the eight state conventions between now and mid-July. In these, the Californian

should win between 86 and 97 delegates, v. Ford's 64 to 75. The future contests:

This weekend: Reagan will probably get all of New Mexico's 21 delegates, and certainly no fewer than 17 of them. In Montana, he will capture at least 13 of the 20 seats, and maybe all. He will add all four at-large delegates from Idaho. But in Minnesota, where moderates are in the saddle, Ford should gain 15 delegates to Reagan's three.

July 9-10: Reagan should take 18 of the 25 Colorado delegates. North Dakota may divide evenly: Ford nine, Reagan nine.

July 17: Reagan should carry Utah 17 to 3, but Ford stands to recoup in Connecticut, carrying at least 30 of its 35 delegates.

If those contests go as expected, Ford will have just over—and Reagan just under—1,100 delegates. But some of Ford's support is amazingly soft. For example, most tallies give the President all of New Jersey's 67 delegates because a pro-Ford "uncommitted" slate swept the state primary; but six to ten New Jersey delegates stand to vote for Reagan anyway. Illinois Senator Charles Percy, a Ford fan, has surveyed all the state delegations and concludes that some 55 Ford delegates are wavering and vulnerable to Reagan. The challenger's aides claim that they have already lured

away some delegates who are committed to Ford but are not legally bound to vote for him.

In addition, many Ford-bound delegates really prefer Reagan. They are Republican right-wingers who have been assigned by local party leaders to vote for the President because he won a proportion of their state's popular vote in the primaries. If the voting at the Kansas City convention goes to a second ballot, a number of Ford's 18 Vermont delegates would shift, and all but two of his 25 North Carolina delegates would jump to Reagan.

The finish will be so tight that John Sears, Reagan's campaign manager, predicts that his man will be ahead, but perhaps by three votes—1,131 to 1,128. Ford's aides forecast a squeaker victory for the President, but last week were not speculating on numbers. Both sides agree that the party's nominee will be determined by the 60 to 70 truly uncommitted delegates.

Most of those delegates will swing to whichever candidate the polls and the polls say can run better against Jimmy Carter. Reagan's partisans argue tirelessly that only he can give Carter a stiff battle in the South, beat him in the West, draw off some of his blue collar, ethnic support in the industrial North. Besides, Reagan is even more "anti-Washington" than Carter and would at least

THE NATION

match his argument that he can cut down the bureaucracy.

But all the polls show Ford running stronger than Reagan against Carter, though neither Republican could beat him at the moment. A nationwide NBC poll taken June 10-11, just after the Super Bowl primaries, put Carter ahead of Ford by a staggering 52%-37% and in front of Reagan by an even greater 55%-32%. The latest Gallup pairing, taken in late May, had a similar result: Carter over Ford, 52%-40%, and trouncing Reagan 55%-37%. An earlier Harris survey also showed Carter beating Ford by smaller margins than he would top Reagan. Says California Pollster Mervin Field: "I'm hard-pressed to rate Carter worse than even in any of the 50 states, and he is clearly the favorite in

25 to 30. It's difficult to diagnose anything other than a sweep."

Figuring that they cannot top Carter anyhow, right-wing purists argue that they might as well nominate their ideological favorite, Reagan. At the Missouri convention, Governor Kit Bond repeatedly cited a poll showing Ford running twelve points better than Reagan in the state; delegates were unmoved because they knew that the same numbers indicated that both men would lose to Carter. What the delegates overlooked is that if a presidential candidate crashes, a lot of his party's candidates for state and local offices get bumped off too—as happened when Barry Goldwater ran in 1964. The whole "electability" issue comes down to which candidate will least hurt other Republicans.

TIME queried its bureau chiefs for their soundings on whether Ford or Reagan would do better in their regions:

THE MIDDLE ATLANTIC. Laurence I. Barrett reports: If the election were held today, Reagan would have virtually no chance against Carter in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; his prospects in Maryland and Delaware would be very slim. Ford would probably not win these states either, but he would make it a closer fight and might just take New Jersey. Voters in this region consider Reagan to be too conservative, too disdainful of the asphalt agonies of Buffalo, Newark, Philadelphia and New York. Ford finally did help keep New York afloat, and he is considered safe and sensible on foreign policy. Party leaders are petrified that Reagan would

How Reagan Plays G.O.P. Hardball

Sounding angry and a trifle stunned, Fred Baker, co-chairman of Gerald Ford's presidential campaign in the state of Washington, talked about the fervor of Ronald Reagan's workers: "These Reagan people don't care; they're absolutely ruthless. They want all of it. Our people just aren't used to this uncompromising hardball stuff." An echo came from one of Ford's key regional coordinators in Colorado: "We're concerned about the survival of the party and its candidates."

Reagan's decision last fall to challenge the President was based largely on his conviction that he could stir grass-roots Republican support better than Gerald Ford. As the struggle for the nomination moves toward what looks like a close and brawling finish, Reagan's superior organization shows, especially in the remaining Western convention states that still are electing delegates. For months Reagan's men

burrowed into the bedrock, taking control of the local parties at the ward and precinct levels. While Ford built his state organization from the top down, Reagan built from the bottom up.

New Mexico, which will hold its convention this weekend, is a good example. The President early had the support of U.S. Senator Pete Domenici and Congressman Manuel Lujan Jr. But as state senator Leo Dow, who is Reagan's state chairman, sees it: "All they seemed to do was add more names for steering committees and take the whole thing for granted." Dow took the opposite approach. He began recruiting volunteers, including some who had been inactive since Barry Goldwater's 1964 campaign and some who were new to politics. One such recruit: Ernie Leger, 46, an Albuquerque real estate salesman, gave up his job for four months to work as a full-time volunteer (15 hours a day). He worked telephone banks turning people

out for ward conventions, the first step in the delegate selection process. Says state chairman Jack Stahl, who is staying neutral: "I see a clean sweep of all 21 delegates for Reagan."

The hardball players usually press for every advantage. In Montana, where Reagan won the nonbinding primary, 65% to 35%, State Chairwoman Florence Haegen called for a proportional split of the delegates. But Reagan forces are fighting for a 20-to-0 shutdown at this weekend's convention. In Washington State, when the Reagan team narrowly won some precinct caucuses, they insisted on shutting out the Ford minority, sending only Reagan loyalists to the higher-level county sessions. In precincts that Ford carried, the losers argued that their own long service to the G.O.P. entitled them to some representation at the county conventions. Moans Fred Baker: "We let them go. We didn't even have any pros to guide us. Jesus Christ, our poor dumb people."

The Reagan drive is being expertly guided from Washington, D.C., by John Sears, a lawyer whose graying hair and developing paunch make him appear older than his 35 years. A Nixon delegate hunter in 1968 who served briefly as a White House aide later, Sears has shrewdly used his old contacts around the nation to help his present boss. Reagan's organization has suffered its share of bloopers. Its initial strategy of knocking Ford out early backfired, and it goofed in Ohio, where delegate slates were filed too late, and in Illinois, where it filed weak delegate slates.

But the President's operation gives off too little crackle from the candidate himself. With affable but unsavvy Rogers Morton as chairman, it has no strong command figure at the center. From the start, Ford and his strategists never took the Reagan challenge too seriously. As Betty Ford told *Women's Wear Daily* last week: "I can tell you they just sat back complacently, thinking that the President would be nominated, that it was sort of a shoo-in."

CAMPAIGN STRATEGIST JOHN SEARS, MANAGER OF G.O.P. REBEL TEAM



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*American Institute of Consumer Opinion.
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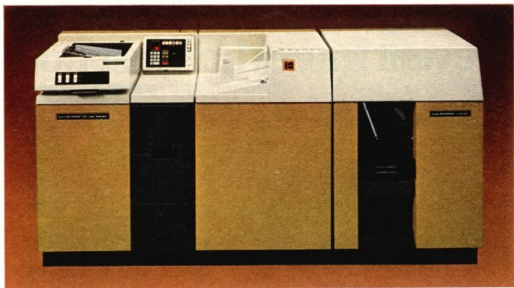
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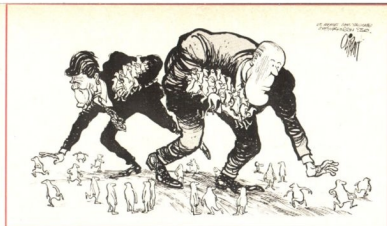
THE NATION

drag other Republicans to defeat. Says one state chairman: "It would be an absolute disaster for us." Adds New York Republican Chairman Richard Rosenbaum: "Even some of our relatively conservative officeholders are scared about running with Reagan."

NEW ENGLAND. Sandra Burton reports: Reagan is also weak here. Ford defeated him in all four New England primaries—New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island—and in the Maine convention. The President will also win the Connecticut convention. In November he would stand a good chance of beating Carter in New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine; Reagan would have little. Maine Republican Chairman John Linnell insists: "I don't think Reagan is electable." Adds New Hampshire's former attorney general, Warren Rudman: "If Reagan runs, it will be worse than 1964."

THE SOUTH. James Bell reports: Reagan would run more strongly than Ford everywhere except Florida, Tennessee and Virginia, but neither man can beat Carter in the eleven states of the Confederacy—unless that Georgian picks a flaming liberal for Vice President. Reagan won five of the South's primaries and all four caucuses, capturing 407 delegates to Ford's 113. But he won in states that he has no chance of carrying in November: Alabama (George Wallace has embraced Carter), Georgia (Carter's home turf), Arkansas, Louisiana, North and South Carolina. Though Reagan walloped Ford in Texas, the Californian got only 278,000 votes; Carter won 736,000 votes in Texas. Even if John Connally is the Republican nominee for Vice President, Texas seems safe for Carter. But either Ford or Reagan might carry Tennessee if one of its Senators, Howard Baker or Bill Brock, is picked as Veep.

THE MIDDLE WEST. Benjamin W. Cate reports: Most Republican professionals share the view of Senator Percy: "If the Republican Party does not nomi-



inate Gerald Ford, we will be badly beaten in November." Neither Ford nor Reagan is given much of a chance against Carter in Illinois, Michigan and Ohio, but in all those states Ford is clearly the stronger G.O.P. candidate. He is also much more formidable than Reagan in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and somewhat stronger in Iowa, Indiana and West Virginia. Only in Kansas and Oklahoma would Reagan run better than Ford, though Carter is ahead of them both. Sums up Michigan Republican Chairman William McLaughlin: "If we're to win, Ford is the only one who can do it."

THE WEST. Jess Cook reports: Reagan could do better than Ford in Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, New Mexico, Nevada and Utah—all conservative bastions. Moreover, Reagan would beat Carter in most of them and come close in the rest. Reagan is narrowly ahead of Ford in Colorado. On the other hand, Ford would do better than Reagan in Oregon, Washington, Hawaii and Alaska, though Carter stands to win them. The same is true in California, where Ford could attract more independents and Democrats than Reagan—but still lose to Carter. Even so, Reagan has more vote growth potential than Ford in the West.

No matter how desperate the Re-

publican cause looks now, Reagan—if nominated—could become President. Thus the ultimate question for Republicans is whether he would make a better President than Ford.

No doubt the challenger is a more exciting and moving campaigner. But there is a difference between running and governing, between firing up the campaign crowds and dealing with Congress or the Kremlin. Though Reagan was a reasonable and effective Governor of California, not even his most passionate supporters argue that he has great intellect, depth or appetite for hard work. Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson, who is hardly neutral, charges that Reagan suffers from "a tendency to shoot from the hip and talk in terms of the sound and the impact of an idea rather than the substance."

Ford is more stolid and less articulate, but nobody can question his depth of experience. For all his widely publicized flaws and stumbles, he has been a better President than he has been given credit for. His moderate-growth policies have helped lift the nation out of recession and curb inflation. With Henry Kissinger, he has handled foreign affairs capably, and he has restored a measure of trust and faith in the White House.

To build up presidential stature, Reagan is considering buying space for another half-hour TV speech in July, and for policy articles carrying his byline in magazines and newspapers. Win or lose, he is determined to market his ideas. His forces are maneuvering to gain a majority on the Republican Platform Committee. When it meets the week before the August convention, it may well adopt Reagan-sponsored planks opposing abortion, the exchange of ambassadors with China, and further negotiations over the future of the Panama Canal. Even if Ford squeezes out the nomination, he may be stuck with a platform promising to undo some of his own policies.

The race is so close and feelings are so bitter that one high White House adviser says: "The convention will be a bloodbath." Adds another top Republican in Washington: "Whoever wins the nomination, the other side will claim it was stolen."

LEMMINGS:

ACCORDING TO
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FEW YEARS GREAT
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SUICIDAL EFFORT
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OWN SPECIES....



'This Is the Toughest'

There was a touch of Uncle Jerry about the President when he talked of Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter last week. Reagan was a professional performer. "That's been his life," mused Ford in the Oval Office. "He's been very involved in picking several very emotional issues," he continued. "And the combination of his performance and the use of certain issues has generated a lot of public support... but I certainly hold no grudge against my Republican opponent, and I don't believe he does as far as I am concerned. I can remember some political campaigns that were rougher than this one..." Too much TV, too much show biz? Ford was asked. "Well, I wouldn't put it that way," he said. "But I wish that we could get down to the real substantive issues and discuss them in detail." Ford wouldn't go for the traditional political debates. "Two candidates wrangling—that's what most of them end up being. I don't think they are too helpful. But questioning by knowledgeable, skillful people, I'd be glad to do that. I enjoy that."

"I'm a better President than a campaigner," Ford insisted. "I have a deep belief that the historians writing of the first 24 months will say that the decisions were good and the results were effective."

And Jimmy Carter? "It just doesn't seem to me that he's ready for this big league," said Ford. Right then in the Oval Office, it was so quiet the ticking of the grandfather clock sounded like a hammer. "I don't think he is dangerous," mused Ford. "I don't think he is focused on the complexities of the problems we have, or ready to face up to the hard decisions that have to be made." Didn't he like the Carter smile? "It doesn't bother me."

Defeat? "I have not even considered the possibility," Ford said. He had never talked it over with Betty or with the kids. No, he said, never. It was just out of his mind. But when pressed, he allowed as how he could be defeated and still hold his head up. "Oh sure, as long as I am convinced that what I've done while being here was right. And I have absolute confidence in the decisions I have made. If you feel you've done the right thing, defeat doesn't gnaw at you, it doesn't keep you from sleeping at night." He could go back to Grand Rapids, he noted, if it were necessary.

Some 28 years and 14 campaigns ago he thought he might get beaten because he was running against a nine-year incumbent in the Congress. He beat him. "From that time on, I never had any race where I got less than 60% of the vote," he said. "This is the toughest." But within a month of becoming President he decided he would stay on the job, that it would take more than two years, "that I would stay and fight it out and get elected in November of 1976."

He could trace his current political dilemma all the way back to the first days when he came into the White House. Ford explained. He wanted from the start to get away from "the old politics, maybe start a new course where I could honestly say that I wasn't promising more than I was producing..." The whole tone was that I was going to do the best that I could without any relation to political consequences. I believe that I have followed that pretty well—made hard choices that weren't necessarily political choices.

A lot of people did not seem to understand his approach, admitted Ford. "Well, it is such an abrupt change from the old

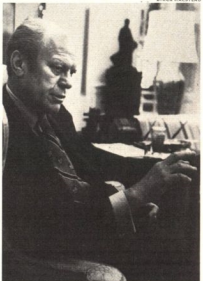
politics we have had for 40 years, they are not accustomed to it. They are accustomed to eight-point programs, or ten-point programs, that don't have any liabilities."

But that was not Reagan's style, was it? "What has he done?" Ford challenged. "He promised a \$90 billion reduction in the federal budget. There is not a man in government or the news media that believes he can produce on that. There isn't one. That's a variation of the old politics, but it is the same thing."

"I'm the first to admit that I'm not an accomplished public speaker," Ford said about his inability to get across his message and rouse some of his audiences to fervor. "My own speechmaking ability from a text is not first class. Some of the texts have not been good. I've used that format, and the consequences are I have developed a bad reputation both as to speeches and presentation. I'm not sure the reputation is as bad as it's written about, but be that as it may, that is the way it is written."

There was no real anger against anybody. Not the primary system, not the press, not the world, although he could identify two jolts along the primary route—turning points, he called them—that had brought them to their current state. "One was North Carolina, the second Indiana." He lost both. "I don't like to lose," he said. "Don't get me wrong. But I've had enough experience in athletics to know you can lose. You

DIRCK HALSTAD



have to take it like a man, can't lose your composure, have to figure out why you lost and try to correct it. I think we have benefited from these primary losses." And yet Ford says there will be no dramatic changes in people or speeches or strategy in his campaign.

"I'm frank to admit, we have been out-organized, particularly in the convention states. That does not relate to my ability to speak or the speeches I make. That's just pure organization... I have to spend the vast majority of my time running this office. The true candidates who are left spend almost all of their time in a campaign posture, so they have been better organized. But that doesn't excuse some mistakes we've made."

Ford's faith in his party is basically sound, perhaps dented. "There is a hard core in the party that is very dedicated but very much in the right wing. They get out and do the job, have deep feeling. But they don't represent the broad spectrum of the middle of the road, where I think most Americans

are—most Americans in the Republican Party and most Americans in the Democratic Party. The tragedy is that part of the spectrum of the party don't have the same zeal to go to party caucuses, go to the conventions, even to get out the vote."

He has wondered often, he confessed, why the dramatic improvement in the economy has not yielded more political support for him. "I wish we could make people feel that what we've done has been beneficial to them... The people in the middle [politically] are sort of apathetic. How to regenerate them—we haven't found an answer."

Ford sipped his iced tea. The afternoon light began to fade across the south lawn. He had had his ups and downs over the last week. He was a bit more tired than usual, just a shade more subdued. But he was still a believer. "I'm an optimist," he said. "It's a great thrill being President... Betty and I are well adjusted [to White House life]; the children have gotten along well; I think it has brought our family closer together. Our children have matured very well in the White House. It's been helpful to them. I'm absolutely enthusiastic about the job."

Would he be writing all this in a book some time? "I don't expect to for a few years," said Gerald Ford.



EASTERN

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There's no better way to ruin a perfect flight than to make a customer wait for his bags. Keep him waiting too long, and you're likely to lose a good customer.

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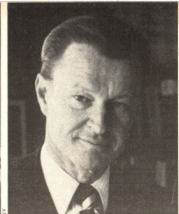
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POLITICS

Lining Up to Succeed Kissinger

An armor-plated Cadillac goes with the job, and instant call on a 707 or Learjet. The salary is \$60,000. The executive suite is the grandest in Washington, with half a museum's worth of Early American furniture, sweeping views from a vast eighth-floor terrace, and a chamber that can take 200 for sitdown dinner. It is not the pay and the perks, however, which have hopeful Democrats lining up two abreast to be Henry Kissinger's successor. The office of U.S. Secretary of State is probably the most powerful appointive office in the world. And there were moments when Dr. Kissinger seemed to be making it the most powerful office of any sort, appointive, elective, hereditary or whatever.

If Jimmy Carter is elected President he will not be looking for another Kissinger. He does not think of himself as a rustic in need of a mentor in world affairs. Though the grand total of his officeholding experience is four years in the Georgia legislature and four years as Governor, he is not in awe of foreign policy experts. He is intellectually attracted to foreign policy problems, and sees the world arena as a very large part of the White House franchise.

Meanwhile he is welcoming the advice, often sought, sometimes unsolicited, of the whole imposing Democratic Foreign Policy Establishment, and putting its members to work on speeches, position papers, background studies. He

is said to see some safety in numbers, in keeping all these influential people busy and hopeful, and also finds their ideas useful. The things that "really bug him," according to one Democrat who sometimes talks foreign policy with him, are people claiming to be advisers who aren't, and anybody visibly "running" for Secretary of State.

Jacksonian Doctrine. Not noticeably running, but possibly figuring in Carter's calculations, are three of his recent rivals for the Democratic nomination. They would all fit neatly with the speculation that the next Secretary of State (whoever is President) should be a politician capable of improving the frayed relations between Congress and the State Department. Senator Scoop Jackson turned down offers of State and Defense from President Nixon, but might be ready now for a change of pace; his hard-line foreign policy views may not be entirely congenial to Carter, but a good deal of Jacksonian doctrine was written into the Democratic platform last week. On the softer side—perhaps too soft—is Frank Church of Idaho, who has long experience on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Then there is always Hubert Humphrey, already a world figure, a centrist in foreign policy, and articulate to say the least. But Humphrey may be more interested in succeeding Mike Mansfield as Senate Majority Leader.

Not elected politicians, but seasoned Washington hands, are three highly capable and available lawyers. Cyrus Vance, 59, was Secretary of the Army and Deputy Secretary of Defense under Kennedy and Johnson, and a special negotiator on Cyprus, Korea and Viet Nam. Vance, according to TIME's diplomatic editor Jerrold Schecter, is leading in the early chart. "He has a smooth, low-keyed public style that appeals to Carter, who does not intend to be overshadowed by his Secretary of State. Vance is solid and cautious. One colleague who recently spent a month in China with Vance said: 'I never could find out what he thought about anything.'"

George Ball, by contrast, has been a prolific public critic of Nixon-Kissinger-Ford foreign policy. He has been especially skeptical about Kissinger's step-by-step diplomacy in the Middle East. Ball, 66, was Under Secretary of State under J.F.K. and L.B.J., an in-house critic of the Viet Nam policy, and briefly U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Some Carter staffers say Ball is "running too hard" for Secretary.

Paul Warnke, 56, was also a Viet Nam dove, was an Assistant Secretary of Defense in the L.B.J. era, and is now a law partner of Democratic Elder Statesman Clark Clifford, a potent adviser to all Democratic Presidents—and Presidents-elect—since Harry Truman. Warnke and Vance (but not Ball) are members of Carter's 28-member Foreign and Defense Policy Task Force.

Vance, Warnke, Ball—and Carter—are members of the Trilateral Council



NELSON ROCKEFELLER



JAMES SCHLESINGER



JOHN CONNALLY



ELLIOT RICHARDSON

THE NATION

mission, organized in 1973 by David Rockefeller. It was in this group of about 200 Western European, North American and Japanese private citizens that Jimmy Carter first met many of the U.S. foreign policy community.

The original director of the Trilateral Commission, and now the leading scholar in the Carter foreign policy entourage, is the brilliant Polish-born Zbigniew Brzezinski, 48, of Columbia University. His admirers consider Brzezinski at least as brainy as Kissinger and more stable in temperament. Two foreign-born professors in succession is improbable, however. "Zbig" could well be National Security Affairs adviser (in which case the Secretary of State would not lead an entirely relaxed life).

Congressman Andrew Young of Atlanta, an intimate Carter friend, cautions against assuming that anybody now working for Carter will necessarily be rewarded. Says Young: "Carter does not hand out nickels after a campaign." Charles Kirbo, the Atlanta lawyer who is Carter's closest friend, says, "Jimmy is bold in naming people."

Carter has said that there will be many women and blacks in his Administration, and it could be that he has in mind more than the traditional "minority" appointments in housing, welfare, etc. State could be a real stunner.

There might be a Republican or two in a Carter Cabinet; as in the Nixon bid to Jackson, it can be dramatic politics to offer State to the opposition party. Thus Elliot Richardson, Nelson Rockefeller and Brother David all get "mentioned." But a Republican seems implausible. Says one Carter watcher: "I don't think Jimmy's that mean."

Richardson really belongs on the Gerald Ford list, if he gets elected, and Rocky too. Or Ford might go to the versatile John Connally, 59, of Texas, if he hasn't already used him for Vice President, although Connally is anathema to many of America's allies. Another very skillful politician, also claiming to enjoy private life, is Ford's old congressional crony Melvin Laird, 53, formerly Secretary of Defense. Another friend from House days is the genial William Scranton, 58, former Governor of Pennsylvania, envoy to the Middle East, now Ambassador to the U.N. Ford keeps insisting, however, that Kissinger can have the job as long as he wants it. Kissinger has said that "on the whole" he would prefer to leave after the election.

He can count on leaving if Reagan is the next President. If Reagan has reached the point of drawing up a list, it probably has Connally and Laird on it. Reagan knows some Ph.D.s too. One of his principal foreign policy brain-trusters is Glenn Campbell, 52, Director of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford. The likeliest Reagan Secretary of State might be ex-Professor, ex-CIA Director, ex-Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger.



CARTER, HIS DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW AND SON CHIP SHOW OFF THE FISH COURSE

DEMOCRATS

The Joyous Risk of Unity

The water off Sea Island, Ga., was so rough that the crew of a Coast Guard launch got seasick, but an ornery ocean was not going to spoil Jimmy Carter's vacation. He came back from a day at sea with his digestive system intact, a bonito of respectable size and the usual fisherman's lament: "You should have seen the one that got away. It was one of the largest cobias I've ever seen."

Little else was escaping Carter's net or eye last week. Frank Church and Henry Jackson endorsed Carter. Though Morris Udall remained a candidate—officially, not actively—he told his delegates they may do as they wish. That left only Jerry Brown, with his strange and seemingly doomed guerrilla action. He continued to court delegates, and plans a half-hour network television appearance this week.

Carter found time to visit Democratic delegates and contributors in New York and Texas, review convention plans, schedule fund raisers to pay off his \$1.2 million campaign deficit, and consider procedures for selecting a running mate. One decision: to form a panel of "distinguished Americans" to give advice, if not consent, on a candidate for Vice President.

Immense Virtue. A problem Carter can forget about is the party platform. The document agreed upon by the 153-member drafting committee was a monument to sweet unity. At 15,000 words it was half the size of the 1972 model. Missing were provocative stances on homosexuals' rights, abortion, school busing and legalization of pot that helped undermine George McGovern four years ago. The surviving planks were carefully planed, with the consent

of all the factions represented, to fit Carter's design. The finished product is undramatic, but has the virtue of being offensive to few and acceptable to many.

The item on abortion, for instance, said only that there should be no constitutional amendment to overrule the Supreme Court's moderately permissive decision. That goes along with Carter's previous stand. During the primary campaign, candidates to the left of Carter had urged legislation now to break up large oil companies (see BUSINESS). Carter had stopped short of that. The platform noted the lack of a "free, competitive market for crude oil in the U.S." It supported new Government restrictions "when competition inadequate to insure free markets and maximum benefit to American consumers exists."

The most sensitive issue concerned Viet Nam draft evaders and deserters. Sam Brown, 32, once a prominent leader of the antiwar movement and now state treasurer of Colorado, argued for full pardons. After some amiable maneuvering between Brown and Atlanta Attorney Stuart Eizenstat, Carter's chief spokesman on the platform committee, another compromise emerged. A blanket pardon would be promised to draft dodgers, but treatment of those who actually deserted from military service would be considered "on a case-by-case basis." Said Brown: "I am not enthusiastic about this language, but it is the position of our candidate."

Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss was more than enthusiastic. He thanked the platform writers for making a "dramatic and magnificent and positive impression." To reporters he cracked: "I'm trying to get a minority

report on something, but I'm not having any luck." Strauss joked about the joyous risk that the unusual degree of harmony might become a wet blanket of ennui at Madison Square Garden: "I'm not bored a bit. I might just sit in the background and drink a little whisky." In fact, with the nomination virtually settled, Carter will have to use some imagination to hold public interest.

Press Secretary Jody Powell passed the word that Carter had sternly admonished his staff about being too cocky. This week Carter will confer with Democratic congressional leaders. Next

week he will attend a meeting of mayors in Milwaukee, and the week after he will appear at the National Governors' Conference in Hershey, Pa. At these and other stops, he can be expected to soothe factions that opposed him.

During a colloquy with reporters last week, Carter observed that Lyndon Johnson had never been fully accepted by Eastern liberals. "Why," he was asked, "would you think you could be?" Replied Carter: "Because I'm sure of myself." Like the platform, that statement produced little argument.

CRIME

'They Finally Got Me'

As gangland executions go, it was ordinary enough. A dynamite bomb attached by magnets to the bottom of a car. The driver brutally maimed after the electronic triggering mechanism was set off by remote control. The hit man far from the scene. But the locale was not Chicago's West Side and the victim was not a wayward mobster. He was Investigative Reporter Donald F. Bolles, 47, and his death in Phoenix last week of injuries from the bomb underscored the viciousness and power of organized crime in Arizona in a way nothing he wrote ever could have.

For eleven days and through half a dozen operations, during which both legs and his right arm were amputated, Bolles had fought for his life. His last whispered words—"Mafia ... Emprise ... They finally got me ... John Adamson, find him"—had resulted in the arrest of Adamson. More significantly, they had ensured the first major statewide investigation of the corruption that has enriched home-grown and imported con men, including Mafiosi, while bilking land buyers of more than \$500 million since the mid-1960s.

Gunned Down. Ever since Phoenix's emergence from a parched cow town in the early 1940s to a steamy Southwestern metropolis in the '50s and '60s, criminal elements have flocked to the desert country and flourished. Land fraud has proved the most profitable enterprise, but racketeers have also gained control of restaurants and other fronts for illegal activities.

Besides Bolles, twelve persons associated with some of the land fraud scandals have died over the past six years, all before they could testify. Five died in two separate plane crashes, one drove off a cliff, another succumbed to carbon monoxide poisoning in his automobile. Three suffered fatal heart attacks and another died of cancer. One was gunned down 24 hours before he was to testify in a grand jury investigation.

Even for an area steeped in the lore of such outlaws as Butch Cassidy, Black Bart and Billy the Kid, this was rough stuff. Bolles, an Easterner hired by the



INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER DON BOLLES
Search for the desert Godfather.

Arizona Republic, sensed that organized crime flourished in collusion with public officials. In 1965 he was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize for detailing bribery within the Arizona State Tax and Corporation Commissions. Two years later, he exposed a gigantic land fraud scheme involving Western Growth Capital Corp. Later stories resulted in the prosecution of Ned Warren Sr., a major figure in that corporation and an ex-con. In 1975, Warren escaped prosecution in a land fraud case after the chief prosecution witness was slain.

Undaunted, Bolles also attacked Emprise Corp., a notorious sports enterprise controlled by Buffalo, N.Y., interests that had gained control of Arizona horse and dog racing tracks. He became so expert on the intricacies of Emprise operations in Arizona that in 1972 he became a witness before the Select Committee on Crime of the U.S. House of Representatives.

The presence of such mobsters as Joe Bonnano Sr. and Peter Licavoli in Tucson reinforced Bolles' impression of how hospitable Arizona had become to organized crime. His exposés made big



VICTIM'S BOMBED-OUT CAR



ADAMSON (RIGHT) AFTER HIS ARREST

journalistic splashes, but resulted in few indictments and even fewer attempts to curb organized crime. At length Bolles wearied of what he came to regard as windmill tilting and asked to be taken off the crime beat. But he could not stay away. When Adamson, a disreputable greyhound breeder and former tow truck operator, telephoned him three weeks ago with information purporting to link top Arizona Republicans to land fraud schemes, Bolles rushed off to meet him at a Phoenix hotel. While he waited, someone apparently placed the explosive charge in his car, parked in the hotel lot. Adamson failed to appear, and Bolles soon after stepped into his white 1976 four-door Datsun—and the trap that had been laid for him.

Whoever plotted it, the senseless

THE NATION

killing seemed certain to boomerang. Arizona Attorney General Bruce Babbitt quickly took charge of the investigation, brushing aside the bumbling Maricopa County prosecutor, Moise Berger. Both houses of the state legislature swiftly approved legislation to break up the Arizona dog racing monopoly, controlled in part by Emprise. A special prosecution fund providing \$100,000 to investigate Bolles' murder is assured of speedy approval by the legislature. The *Arizona Republic* vowed to intensify its crusade against "the slimy hand of the gangster and the pitiless atrocities of the terrorist."

Investigators were inclined to doubt that the Mafia had ordered Bolles' assassination. Said a Department of Justice expert on organized crime: "The gangsters are smart enough to know that getting rid of a reporter only causes more trouble than the reporter could stir up in the first place." Arizona authorities finger home-grown mobsters as more likely to commit such an act. They suggest that, despite his apparent loss of interest, Bolles may have been close to linking some big names to illegal schemes. Phoenix Police Lieutenant Jack Bentley told *TIME* Correspondent William F. Marmion Jr.: "Bolles had reams of stuff in his files that was very damaging but never printed. We have volumes of information leading to influential people, but people insulated to the nth degree. It is really hard to tell who the enemy is at this point."

Broad Front. According to newsman Bolles talked to after receiving Adamson's call, Adamson told Bolles that he could link Senator Barry Goldwater and Representative Sam Steiger to land fraud schemes. But there is no credible evidence involving either. Authorities believe that the names were used only as bait to entice Bolles. Of considerable interest to investigators is the role of Neal Roberts, a Phoenix attorney and an associate of both Adamson and Ned Warren, the so-called "Godfather" of Arizona land fraud schemes. Roberts quickly stepped forth with an alibi for Adamson, claiming that the two were together in Roberts' office moments before the explosion that maimed Bolles. Roberts' attorney, John Flynn, concedes that "the circumstances could cause one to wonder what the hell is going on."

At week's end Arizona officialdom at last seemed determined to move on a broad front. More than 900 people, including the Governor, the attorney general, 80 legislators and top business and community leaders signaled their outrage by crowding into the Church of the Beatitudes of the United Church of Christ for Bolles' funeral services. Observed one high-ranking Arizona official: "You cannot have the sort of systematic fraud and swindling that we have without the complicity of some top business and political figures."

That is the message Don Bolles had been trying to convey for several years.

THE CONGRESS

The Sex Saga (Contd.)

In Washington's current obsession with sex, there is plainly nothing sublime. But there was a growing sense of the ridiculous last week: mistresses summoning a panting press to titillating tell-all sessions, reform committees and task forces sprouting like mushrooms after a heavy rain, Congressmen quaking at the prospect that yesterday's forgotten indiscretion could be tomorrow's memorable Page One headline.

No one was suggesting that the tawdry revelations of Elizabeth Ray, Colleen Gardner and other taxpayer-subsidized playgirls were insignificant. But



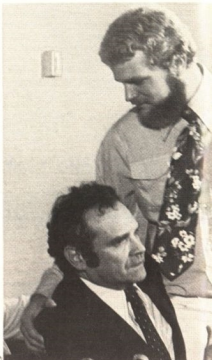
FORMER CHAIRMAN WAYNE HAYS

they were a lot less important than other congressional abuses of power. That was clearly illustrated last week when Congressman Wayne Hays of Ohio was forced to give up his chairmanship of the House Administration Committee. For five years Hays had operated the committee as a personal fief, lavishing perquisites on himself and his colleagues, placing Ohio cronies and relatives of friends on the payroll, junketeering shamelessly—and resisting the few challenges to his power. But it took Ray's revelation that she was paid \$14,000 a year ostensibly as a member of the committee staff but actually as Hays' mistress to bring down the Congressman.

Although Hays tried to suggest that he would regain his powers after he is "vindicated," there was no doubt that the tyrannical Ohioan's reign on Capitol Hill had ended—permanently.

Meanwhile, there were these developments in the Washington sex saga:

► Utah Congressman Allan T. Howe, 48, father of five, was arrested in



DEMOCRAT HOWE & SON KEN

A growing sense of the ridiculous.

Salt Lake City after allegedly soliciting sexual services from two policewomen posing as prostitutes. Although under pressure from some Utah Democrats and authorities of the Mormon Church, of which he is a member, Howe announced he would seek re-election.

► Louisiana's conservative Democrat Joe D. Waggoner Jr., 57, admitted an encounter with District of Columbia police last January, but called it "an effort ... to entrap me." Vexed by Waggoner's account, Assistant Police Chief Theodore R. Zanders abandoned the department policy of silence on incidents involving Congressmen by issuing a statement that Waggoner had solicited sex from a policewoman.

► Congressman Charles Vanik of Ohio admitted retaining a former prostitute on his district-office payroll, even after she had become ill and unable to work. But he insisted he did so out of compassion. Vanik also denied knowledge of her past.

House Republicans, meanwhile, moved to deprive the House Administration Committee of its control over congressional pay and perquisites. A task force assigned to propose improvements in House procedures was rushing a report to completion. The Democratic leadership considered hiring professionals to put House operations on an organized, business-like basis.

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TR7

Message to America

from Iran's Shahanshah, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi

As part of our Bicentennial observance, TIME asked the leaders of nations round the world to speak to the American people through the pages of TIME on how they see the U.S. and what they hope, and expect, from it in the years ahead. This message from Mohammed Reza Pahlavi Shah of Iran is the third in the series.

The 200th anniversary of the founding of the U.S. is a welcome opportunity for me to send my warmest greetings to the American people and to wish them ever increasing happiness and success. It is also my ardent wish that America's greatness will continue to abide and grow, procuring for the people of the U.S. unparalleled welfare and prosperity.

In no more than two centuries, the U.S. has been able to lay the foundations of astonishing technical achievements and immense material progress, the like of which no society or nation has been able to equal or surpass. In this relatively short period, America has succeeded in transforming a huge continent, blessed with almost unlimited natural resources, from the simplest beginnings into the wealthiest and most powerful country the world has seen.

The American people possess those outstanding qualities of respect for humanity and love of individual dignity of which they are rightly proud and which are a source of admiration to their friends. It was due to these very qualities that in the first World War they sacrificed their lives for the maintenance of freedom, and subsequently initiated the highly efficient philanthropic crusade that saved the devastated countries from poverty.

Then again during the second World War, America threw her weight on the side of freedom and humanitarianism against Fascism and the totalitarian states, paying for the freedom of the world with her blood. Once the cataclysm was over, she again mounted a vast program of generous aid and assistance to Allied countries, as well as to former enemies. This had no parallel in the annals of mankind and eventually transformed the destinies of those nations. It is also a sign of the great resilience of the American nation that out of all the upheavals of the past 200 years in which she has been involved she has emerged stronger and more powerful than before.

In the case of Iran, America has at all times symbolized right and justice, and this attitude has always been spontaneous on her part and heartening to us. This was best exemplified by the invaluable and truly generous assistance offered to my country through President Truman's Point Four and other aid programs, which were of inestimable and timely help to us in the critical postwar years.

Furthermore, after the second World War, America had to assume leadership over those countries known as the free world. This position imposed upon her a sense of responsibility toward those countries and induced her to interfere in situations that demanded her intervention. In certain cases her judgment may have been erroneous, and, worse, her intervention lacking in decisiveness. The ul-

timate judgment we must leave to history, but I doubt whether every American is in a position to analyze and diagnose every complex situation that may arise, just as Viet Nam and Watergate were the results of faulty judgment and doubtful decision.

In the beginning of the Viet Nam affair, America's intervention in that country was halfhearted and was not aimed at achieving any definite and clear-cut goals. Following this initial stage, I believe America should have withdrawn from Viet Nam after the downfall of Sukarno in Indonesia in 1968.

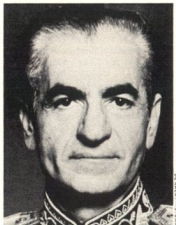
I sincerely hope that the American people have drawn the right conclusions from Viet Nam and Watergate, and trust that they will soon forget those events, so as to be able to devote their talent and might to the world responsibilities that have devolved upon them in our turbulent epoch. It is my firm belief that America cannot dissociate herself from the rest of the free world.

Meanwhile, precious time has unfortunately been lost in the settlement of international problems, which may prove more formidable and vital than ephemeral and passing internal squabbles and disputes.

In this regard, the establishment of a just and sound world economic order—a paramount necessity, one that includes cooperation in the development of alternative sources of energy—is a matter to which America must devote her urgent attention. In her leading position in the world economy, America should aim at a fair and farsighted policy that would not become the target of justified criticism by others.

After 200 years the U.S. has acquired, thanks to the dynamism of her people and the special circumstances that God has provided for them, a position unique in the annals of mankind. Such a God-given privilege should make it plain that in an ever shrinking world where one man's problem is every man's problem, the U.S. does not belong to herself alone. That is the great lesson that has been taught us throughout these 20 decades, especially during the past 60 years.

I am fully convinced that in facing the future, while remaining strong in your defensive forces, the talented, industrious and essentially kind and benevolent American people will be able to continue to advance toward their goal of attaining the highest level of development in all fields of human endeavor, especially that of science and technology. I am confident that it is you Americans who will eventually be able to solve the question of energy for the benefit of yourselves and others. I also firmly believe that it is you Americans who can make a lasting contribution to the maintenance of world peace based on dignity and freedom. The name of America has always conjured up in our minds the respect for, and championship of, human values and right and justice, and it is these very principles that you must safeguard and preserve with the greatest care and concern for the benefit of yourselves and that of all mankind.





LEBANESE CIVILIANS EXAMINE SYRIAN TANK DESTROYED IN SIDON STREET FIGHT AND BODIES OF DEAD TANK CREWMEN

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Lebanon: Terror, Death and Exodus

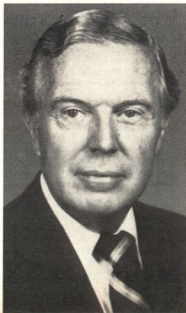
Even on relatively quiet days during the 14-month Lebanon civil war, nothing was quite as eerie—and as frightening—as the ride from one side of divided Beirut to the other, through a half mile of no man's land along the broad Corniche Mazraa that was no one's preserve but the snipers'. Dozens of people were killed and kidnaped during transit to a crossing point cynics called "Mandelbaum Gate": only intrepid souls risked it during periods of fighting when the final stretch had to be negotiated at nothing less than 70 m.p.h. Last week two American diplomats, Ambassador Francis E. Meloy Jr. and Economic Counselor Robert O. Waring, as well as their Lebanese chauffeur-bodyguard, dared the nightmare drive—and were gunned down somewhere between the front lines.

Flag-Draped Coffins. The killing of the ambassador, the fourth U.S. envoy to have died at the hands of assassins in the past eight years (see box), triggered an order by President Gerald Ford to evacuate any U.S. citizen from Lebanon who wished to leave. With Beirut airport closed, the mode would be a convoy to Damascus, about 90 miles away via back roads, presumably under the protection of the Palestine Liberation Organization in the first phase of the trip, the Syrian army, which has occupied much of Lebanon, over the second stage. An 18-vehicle trial run organized by the British embassy brought some 70 British subjects and a few Americans

safely out of Lebanon. It also carried the flag-draped aluminum coffins of Meloy and Waring. They had been seen off by a U.S. embassy Marine Honor Guard—in dress blues—and British embassy officials. Though the British column, at first with P.L.O., then Syrian troop escort, was briefly caught in cross-fire, it reached Damascus safely.

At the time of the Ford decision, 50 Americans attached to the embassy and some 1,400 other American citizens remained in Beirut; more than 6,000 had left over the past year of strife. Still,

MURDERED AMBASSADOR MELOY



Washington's order did not amount to outright evacuation; it simply "strongly urged" Americans to leave—part of a relatively low-key approach that envisaged the use of U.S. military force only as a last resort. The President called the killings a "senseless, outrageous brutality," but he also declared that the U.S. would not be "deterred from its search for peace by these murders." Throughout, Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger was in touch with Middle East leaders by cable, urging safe passage for any American convoy. One such convoy of about 150 people formed up but at week's end was temporarily postponed for security reasons.

Worst Case. If there were risks in the convoy scenario, they seemed alleviated by a formidable military backup. On station for a possibly larger evacuation operation, a "worst case scenario" in Pentagonese, were the carriers *America* and *Guadalcanal*, as well as at least half a dozen other ships of two special Sixth Fleet task forces; early in the week the Air Force had shuttled four CH-53 helicopters and three C-130 transports into the British airbase at Akrotiri in Cyprus, an hour's flight from Beirut.

While the convoy was on the road, A-7 fighter-bombers, in the air off the coast, were on call in case the column came under attack. When the options for evacuation were discussed in the White House, General George Brown, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, explained that a civilian-style helicopter ferry would be impossible; any helicopter evacuation would have to be a full-

*After the crossing point between Israeli and Jordanian territory in pre-1967 Jerusalem.



SYRIAN TANK IN HULL-DOWN POSITION AT ADVANCE POST OVERLOOKING BEIRUT
PALESTINIAN TROOPERS FIRING AK-47 RIFLES AT A DEFENSE POST IN BEIRUT

C. SALHANI—STOMA



DENIS CAMERON—STOMA



DESTROYED BUILDING IN BEIRUT (LEFT); WOMAN AND WOUNDED CHILD IN BEIRUT HOSPITAL (BELOW); AND BURNED-OUT SYRIAN ARMORED VEHICLE IN SAIDA (BOTTOM)



blown military undertaking—and that would be provocative.

With American and Soviet ships hovering off the Lebanese coast, with routine Israeli naval patrols operating in the area and with Syrian vessels sealing off Lebanese ports, the air waves of the Eastern Mediterranean crackled with the ships' radio and electronic chatter. "It is crowded as hell out there," said an Israeli intelligence official, "even if you cannot see them all together."

Meloy, 59, a reserved and well-respected career diplomat who had arrived in Beirut only five weeks before, after serving in Guatemala and the Dominican Republic, posts the State Department considers to be high-risk jobs, was on the way to his first call on Lebanese President-elect Elias Sarkis when disaster struck. Because Lebanon's discredited President Suleiman Franjeh still clings to office, despite the fact that Sarkis has already been chosen to suc-

ceed him, Meloy had not yet presented his credentials—a move generally interpreted as a U.S. nudge to Franjeh to step down. Together with Waring, 56, a Lebanese veteran since 1972 and the father of four children, and driver-bodyguard Zohair Moghrabi, Meloy set out from the U.S. embassy, situated in Moslem-dominated West Beirut, for the drive to Hazmieh, a Christian-controlled suburb where Sarkis keeps a home. Initially, a chase car manned by

Beirut: 'Everyone Has Lost'

Karsten Prager has been Times's Beirut bureau chief since August 1973. After returning to New York, he filed this assessment of a tragic, fratricidal conflict:

For most of the 14 months since Lebanon has been at war with itself, Beirut managed to deal quite resiliently with its misfortunes. Even as the war grew ever more ferocious, the structures of state collapsed one after the other, and artillery pounded away, some services continued to work almost normally. Until the very end, gutsy P.T.T. (Post, Telegraph and Telephone) officials kept telegraph and telephones alive, while Middle East Airlines, the country's flag carrier, flew in and out of a sandbagged airport that frequently took mortar fire, until it finally closed. Food prices soared, but cart vendors always seemed to have fresh produce for sale. Merchants who had lost their shops in downtown fighting transformed the once flashy Corniche into an open-air souk, closed only on days when the artillery thumped dangerously close. With no censor about, a few movie theaters even were daring enough to show European soft porn—afternoon diversion for weary militiamen back from the front line downtown.

Almost from the beginning, there was a tragic inevitability about the fratricide, focused in images of crisis and despair: the foreign community melting away, embassies being evacuated, the homeless seeking shelter, wall posters proliferating with the earnest faces of militiamen killed in the fighting.

Agreements were reached, then shattered. Cease-fires came and went in giddy sequence. Events that were seen as possible bench marks on the way to peace—the initial Syrian intervention, the early election of a new President—turned into bad dreams amid cease-fire violations and Byzantine arguments among feudalistic politicians.

Each time, the level of violence rose, frighteningly, demoralizingly. In the long fighting, barely 2 sq. mi. of Beirut real estate changed hands. And the weaponry grew ever more lethal: finally even surface-to-surface missiles were used. Residential sections once considered safe were shelled by both sides.

Guns of every description, every caliber were everywhere. In a country with no police force, no army, no government, the streets belonged to the gunmen and their visions of macho reinforced by Kalashnikov automatic rifles.

The bitterness of the fighting and its undertones of religious fervor surprised and repelled not only foreigners but the Lebanese as well. Of more than 20,000 dead, the bulk were civilians caught in crossfire. Prisoners were rarely taken. Many people were summarily executed on the basis of religious affiliation. Bodies were often mutilated. Christians imagined themselves being pushed into the sea by a Moslem tide. Palestinian guerrillas, fighting alongside the predominantly Moslem left, saw the grim possibility of another Black September, a reference to their losing battle in 1970 with King Hussein's troops in Jordan. Lebanon, the Palestinians said, was the last place in which they retained any freedom of action. They would fight to keep it.

Eventually, the hopelessness of it all created a sense of bitter resignation. The early, almost unreal conviction that somehow, miraculously, peace would

come, dwindled. "There are no longer any plans for the future," said a longtime Western observer. "Certainly not for a future in Lebanon." Those who could afford to leave, left. Out of 3 million people, an estimated half a million Lebanese—or one out of every six—had by now found refuge in neighboring Arab countries, Europe, the U.S.

Most Lebanese found it impossible to blame themselves for the catastrophe. Conspiracy theories abounded: the Palestinians were responsible, or the Syrians, or the Iraqis, or the Americans—all playing Middle East power games. Everyone was convinced that millions of dollars in cash and arms were flowing into the country, even if no one could show visible proof. The very fractiousness of the fighting factions, particularly on the left, and the ease with which a cease-fire could be ended by a small group, made the theory of foreign manipulation all too easy to accept.

Even if peace eventually came, one wondered how long it would take for the wounds and the bloody memories to heal. "Lebanon—good country, bad people," a Lebanese told a colleague of mine. Less emotional, but perhaps more pointed, was the sad comment of a Western diplomat who had watched Lebanon's agony from the first day: "Everyone has lost."

BEIRUT KEROSENE SELLERS USING HORSE CARTS BECAUSE OF GASOLINE SHORTAGE





PALESTINIANS CELEBRATING VICTORY
Pressure for accommodation.

three Lebanese security men from the embassy trailed his light green, partially armored Chevrolet Impala, but dropped away before the entry into no man's land—apparently because Christian militiamen on the other side had insisted that only one car pass. Meloy's car moved through the last checkpoint on the Moslem side—and never reached the first Christian barricade. Somewhere between the two checkpoints, at a spot not visible to either side, the car was stopped by gunmen in what appeared to be a carefully planned operation: the three men were dragged from the vehicle and killed by a volley of shots. For a while the embassy did not know that

THE WORLD

something had gone wrong: a garbled message over the car's two-way radio had been falsely interpreted as indicating that Meloy and his companions had reached their destination safely. The first sign that something was amiss came when Driver Moghrabi's wife received a phone call advising her that her husband and two other men had been kidnapped. Several hours later three bodies were found on a huge pile of garbage close to the seashore, where a new American embassy building is under construction, at least two miles from where the ambassador was last seen alive. One of the first at the scene was Jean D. Hoefliger, the International Red Cross delegate in Lebanon. Lifting the bloody blankets in which the bodies were wrapped, he recognized Meloy. At his behest the bodies were taken to a nearby Red Cross field hospital and covered with Red Cross flags while Hoefliger informed embassy officials of his discovery. "They were shocked into silence," he told TIME's Dean Breils.

A Martyr. Who were the killers?

The P.L.O., which has long accused the U.S. of complicity in the Lebanon conflict (though armed units under its control have actually been guarding the U.S. embassy), expressed shock. "He is a martyr too," said one Palestinian of Meloy. "I'm sorry." While Kissinger asserted that a "Palestinian splinter group trying to prevent moderation" in the Middle East was thought to be behind the killings, the joint command of the Lebanese left and the fedayeen announced that Palestinian security officers had arrested three men who were said to have confessed to involvement in the killings; they would be handed over to a Pan-Arab peace-keeping force that is to take up positions in Lebanon this week. According to some sources, the men belonged to the extremist Leb-

anese Socialist Revolutionary Front; the group, a tiny urban guerrilla outfit, gained notoriety in 1973 when it took over a Bank of America branch in Beirut, seized 56 hostages and eventually killed an American and four Lebanese before being overwhelmed by police.

Though the killings were a blunt reminder that Beirut remained as bloodily unpredictable as ever (see box), they came at a time when the crisis in Lebanon appeared to have toned down slightly. In the wake of Syria's massive and much maligned intervention (TIME, June 21), Arab League Secretary-General Mahmoud Riad consulted with President Fanjieh and persuaded him to accept the presence of the Arab peace-keeping force alongside Syrian units, a proposal the Christian right-wing factions had at first rejected. Riad said the force would eventually comprise between 6,000 and 10,000 troops and would only be used to apply and supervise a cease-fire. At the same time Libyan Premier Abdul Salamat Jalloud reported progress in separate mediation efforts between the warring factions. A call by P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat for Arab and African "volunteers" to fight the Syrian invasion appeared to have fallen on deaf ears.

Stabilizing Positions. Indeed, the situation looked stable enough to Syrian President Hafez Assad to embark on a two-day state visit to France, a long-planned journey that was postponed in March because of the Lebanon crisis. By now Assad's troops in Lebanon numbered more than 15,000 men, and while they were not engaged in much fighting during the week, they consolidated positions, tightening their hold, specifically on the approaches to Beirut. A Syrian armored thrust overran the strategic town of Rachaya, about 15 miles from the Israeli frontier and the gateway to "Fatah land," the rugged southeastern part of the country that has long been a staging area for fedayeen raids against Israel. The Israelis reacted coolly: Defense Minister Shimon Peres said that "the Syrian intervention does not endanger Israel's security."

With Syrian ground forces in control of Beirut airport and the port of Tripoli, and Syrian missile boats sealing off the ports of Sidon and Tyre against arms and ammunition resupply for leftist and Palestinian forces, both Arafat and the leader of the Lebanese left, Kamal Jumblatt, were under pressure to come to an accommodation. Beirut remained under Syrian siege, its food and gasoline supplies severely depleted, its hospitals filled with the victims of continuing sporadic fighting between right and left. If the end was not in sight, Assad's pressure gamble appeared to be making slow headway. "Middle East crises have a habit of zigging and zagging unexpectedly," cabled TIME Middle East Correspondent Wilton Wynn from Damascus, "but for the moment Assad seems to be ahead of the game."

A Roll Call of Dead Diplomats

The deaths in Beirut were the latest in a bloody chain in which four American ambassadors and six other U.S. officials have been killed in overseas terrorist incidents since 1968. American diplomats were also victims in at least a dozen other incidents, mostly kidnappings. Though a number of diplomats from other countries, notably Israel, West Germany and Turkey, have also been assassinated, U.S. representatives have been hardest hit. The roll call of American dead:

Aug. 28, 1968: J. Gordon Mein, Ambassador to Guatemala, shot and killed during a kidnapping attempt by revolutionaries in Guatemala City.

June 10, 1970: U.S. Army Major Robert Perry, a military attaché, killed by Palestinian guerrillas in Jordan.

July 31, 1970: Daniel Mitrione, a public safety adviser in Uruguay, kid-

napped by Tupamaros guerrillas and shot.

March 1, 1973: U.S. Ambassador to Sudan Cleo A. Noel, and his deputy chief of mission George C. Moore, executed in Khartoum by Palestinian guerrillas, along with a Belgian diplomat.

Aug. 19, 1974: Ambassador to Cyprus Rodger Davies, shot and killed during a demonstration in front of the American embassy in Nicosia.

Feb. 25, 1975: John P. Egan, consul agent in Córdoba, Argentina, kidnapped and killed by guerrillas.

Dec. 23, 1975: Richard S. Welch, Central Intelligence Agency station chief in Athens, killed by assassins.

June 16, 1976: Ambassador to Lebanon Francis E. Meloy Jr. and Economic Counselor Robert O. Waring, kidnapped and killed in Beirut by as yet unidentified assassins.



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ANGRY CROWD OF BLACKS IN SOWETO DEMONSTRATING AGAINST SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT'S LANGUAGE REGULATIONS

SOUTH AFRICA

The Soweto Uprising: A Soul-Cry of Rage

"The whites of South Africa understand the mentality of the black man."
—Prime Minister John Vorster

The humiliations of everyday life for the 18 million blacks in white-ruled South Africa make a mockery of that boast. Some events make the very realities of repression stand out in particularly bold relief. One was Sharpeville: in 1960, police broke up a rioting mob of blacks in this Johannesburg suburb by firing pointblank into the crowd, killing 69 and wounding 186. Last week South Africa suffered a second Sharpeville. Its name was Soweto.

Virtually on the eve of Prime Minister Vorster's flight to West Germany for a meeting with Secretary of State

Kissinger, the racial tensions that seethe just beneath the surface of South African life exploded in Soweto, a ramshackle, overcrowded satellite town for blacks on the outskirts of Johannesburg. In three bitter days and nights of wild rioting and skirmishes between club-wielding, stone-throwing blacks and heavily armed police, at least 100 people were killed and more than 1,000 were injured; only a handful of the victims were white. The turmoil spread to at least seven other segregated black townships surrounding South Africa's largest industrial city. At week's end the violence subsided, although police remained on guard in Soweto and other neighboring townships.

Soweto was a chilling reminder to

South African whites that they live as an extraordinarily privileged minority in a society that not only postulates second-class citizenship for blacks, but has codified repression, separatism and inequality into the law of the land—the hated system known as apartheid (apartness, pronounced *a-part-hate*). The violence was also a sharp blow to the prestige and image of shrewd, burly John Vorster, South Africa's powerful Prime Minister for the past decade.

Last week's rioting made it clear that South Africa, as well as neighboring white-ruled Rhodesia, must sooner or later—preferably sooner—adjust to ever growing black demands for justice and equality. In Washington, Kissinger expressed his regrets at the outbreak of

SMOLDERING RUINS OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING WHERE APARTHEID DOCUMENTS ARE ISSUED, AFTER BEING SET AFIRE BY BLACK PROTESTERS



Vorster: Man on a Wagon Train

The dour, stocky political patriarch of South Africa, Prime Minister Balthazar Johannes Vorster, 60, has the iron-fistedness his fellow Afrikaners call *kragdadigheid*. He was known as "Jackboot John" when he served as Justice Minister under his National Party predecessor, Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd (who was stabbed by a demented clerk on the floor of the South African Parliament in 1966). The son of a Transvaal farmer, Vorster in his youth joined anti-English Afrikaner nationalist movements, becoming a "general" in what was believed to be a terrorist wing of the so-called Ox Wagon Guard, a pro-Nazi

Yet Vorster has turned white South Africans to the realities of their survival on a black continent, in a way no previous Prime Minister has ever done. "We are of Africa and our destiny is in Africa, nowhere else," Vorster declared in an epochal "crossroads" speech two years ago, announcing Pretoria's readiness for political accommodation and economic cooperation with Africa's black nations. Vorster's speech moved Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, a black, to exclaim: "This is the voice of reason for which the world has been waiting."

Implementing his policy of détente with Black Africa, Vorster flew secretly to the Ivory Coast in 1974 to meet with President Félix Houphouët-Boigny and Senegal's visiting President, Léopold Senghor. Later he made a covert plane trip to Liberia for talks with President William Tolbert. Last year he met publicly with Zambia's President Kaunda at Victoria Falls on the Rhodesia-Zambia border in what proved to be an unsuccessful effort to achieve a Rhodesian settlement.

South Africa also stepped up economic help to the black regimes. Badly needed mining spares were flown to Zambia. Hotel and low-cost housing projects were started for the Central African Republic and a new national capital built for Malawi, the only black African nation that has diplomatic relations with South Africa.

As black nationalist pressure on neighboring Rhodesia mounted, Vorster began tightening the screws on the government of Prime Minister Ian Smith, now almost totally dependent on South Africa for military help and an outlet to the sea. Last year Vorster withdrew a paramilitary South African police force from Rhodesia. Vorster left South African helicopters behind in Rhodesia and continued to provide arms and ammunition, but he made sure Smith realized that the supply could stop suddenly unless he negotiated seriously with moderate black politicians.

"Vorster is undoubtedly the most skillful politician the National Party has ever produced," a leading British official remarked last week. "But he travels in an ox wagon always one length behind the train of history." Yet with the South African white electorate, Afrikaners and English-speaking alike, no faster pace is possible. For even the modest efforts Vorster has made at easing his country's racial tensions, the *verkrampste* (narrow-minded) rightists in his ruling National Party have denounced him as "weak, vacillating, opportunistic." Now Vorster seems even more politically damaged, and his grand design for dialogue and détente with Black Africa seems in jeopardy.

violence, and said that he would explicitly spell out American opposition to apartheid at his meetings with the South African leader. "I'm not meeting with Vorster to make concessions or to lend approval of the system of government. I'm meeting to see if South Africa is willing to contribute to a moderate and peaceful evolution of events in southern Africa. The question I want to explore is whether South Africa is prepared to separate its own future from Rhodesia and Namibia [the Pretoria-ruled territory, also known as South West Africa, that wants independence]."

It was, most observers agreed, coincidence that black unrest exploded just as Vorster was about to display himself on the world scene as a statesman of segregation. South African black leaders pointed out that they had been warning the Pretoria government for months that unrest in Soweto had the potential of leading to another Sharpeville.

Minor Import. What triggered the rioting was an issue that clearly was of minor import to the government, yet had great symbolic importance in the ghetto. In 1974 the Pretoria Government Education Department ruled that students in Soweto's schools—about 250 of them serve at least 200,000 pupils in triple shifts—must take some subjects in Afrikaans, the Dutch-based language that, along with English, is one of the two official languages for white South Africa. What particularly angered the students was that blacks in tribal areas were allowed to opt for classes in either tongue, as well as in African languages. Most of them chose English; Afrikaners, for blacks, is not only the primary language of the government, the civil service and the hated police, but is also, as one Soweto teacher put it, "a symbol of our oppression. The issue has become a symbol of resistance among our youth to white authority."

To protest the language decree, groups of high school students last Wednesday attempted to organize a rally at Orlando Stadium, Soweto's main sports arena. As the placard-waving students—perhaps 10,000 strong—approached the stadium, they were blocked by a contingent of black police, led by white officers. Trying to disperse the students, the police used tear gas and then fired into the air. Only then—acting in self-defense, police officials insisted—did the troopers fire directly into the rampaging mob; one 13-year-old black boy was killed and several people were wounded.

Some witnesses claimed that police had provoked the conflict. A black reporter for the Johannesburg *Star* saw a police officer pick up a stone and hurl it into the crowd. Then, he said, "some students began picking up stones. Shouting 'Amandla [power]!' they moved haltingly toward the police. A black police sergeant was explaining to a group of parents that there would be no trouble, that the children weren't



PRIME MINISTER VORSTER
A blow to prestige.

movement. His militant opposition to the Allied war effort cost him 20 months of internment. To this day Vorster maintains that what he did during the war "was right."

Vorster is no liberal. He has been known to order police to investigate people who ask him embarrassing questions at public meetings. He supports apartheid out of deep Afrikaner conviction, even though he has eased some of its more humiliating aspects. But he has also rammed ahead with the Bantustan program of geographical separation by which South Africa will be broken up into racial enclaves. Blacks will be pushed into ten cramped tribal areas, which may eventually become sovereign states; whites will retain control of the richer farm lands, mining lands and urban areas, in which South African blacks will be classed as foreigners.

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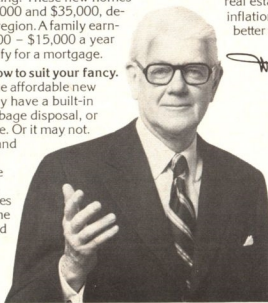


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fighting, when an officer opened fire."

One Soweto resident, Langa Skosana, was caught in the crossfire of police bullets and stones hurled by the rioting students. "It was the most terrifying moment of my life," he said later. "The police opened direct fire. It is terrifying to watch a gun being aimed at you. I turned and ran. Had I lain on the ground the students would have trampled me."

The demonstrators scattered. Many headed for the township's administration building, setting fire to vehicles along the way, attacking any white official they saw. One of them was clubbed to death after being dragged bodily from his car. According to a black reporter who witnessed the scene: "He swerved to avoid knocking down any of the crowd. A huge rock was thrown through the windscreen. Students dragged him out of the car by his hair, then they used sticks and stones and everything to beat him to death." Yet even in the midst of racial hatred, there were countless individual acts of courage and kindness. One white township official spent the first night of the troubles in the home of a black family, who sheltered him and then smuggled him to safety next morning. A South African television cameraman-reporter team escaped injury when five blacks bundled them into a car and drove away from an angry mob.

Out of Control. Reinforced by anti-riot squads and attack-dog units, police sealed off the township; army helicopters flew over Soweto dropping tear-gas canisters on the crowd. By this time, though, the students were out of control; scores of cars and at least one beer truck were set afire; libraries and even health clinics were stoned. As darkness fell, adults joined the youths in looting stores. The death total for the day was estimated at 25, some of the victims, police said, were killed by what they called "freelance vandals," which could well be true, since Soweto has one of the highest murder rates in the world.

Dozens of buses were stoned and set afire next morning as the rioting continued, even though 1,500 heavily armed police and auxiliary recruits were on guard in Soweto. Vandalism, looting and random fires caused at least \$2.5 million worth of damage. Gradually, the unrest spread to Kagiso, Tembisa and other neighboring townships, forcing police to call for reinforcements from Pretoria. As fears rose that the rioters might break out of police cordons and attack white suburbs, Minister of Police James Kruger invoked a section of the country's Riotous Assemblies Act that forbids all outdoor gatherings without official permission. By week's end blacks—angered by the mindless vandalism—turned on the rioters. Residents of one township beat off a gang that tried to wreck a beer hall.

Exactly how and why a student protest became a killer riot may not be known until the conclusion of an elaborate inquiry that will be carried out by Justice Petrus Cillie, Judge President of the Transvaal. But already last week, South Africans—white and black alike—were seeking to interpret the soul-cry of rage that came from Soweto. Some whites saw in the violence a nightmarish vision of South Africa's future if the government ever eases its rigid rule over the blacks. There were demands that Parliament enact emergency legislation to prevent a recurrence of the trouble—demands that Vorster will surely reject, if only because the country's existing laws seem strong enough.

Far more whites, though, saw Soweto as a warning that the artificial and unfair structure of South African society cannot be long endured. White students at Witwatersrand University—not widely known as a hotbed of youthful leftism—held demonstrations of their own in sympathy for the Soweto scholars; some of the university protesters wore placards saying WHY SHOOT CHILDREN? THEY ARE THE FUTURE and

BLACK EDUCATION KILLS. In Parliament, the leader of the small opposition Progressive Party, Colin Eglin, accused the government's African administrators of "arrogance, indifference and rank incompetence." Eglin also demanded the appointment of a multiracial commission to "consider the social, economic and political reforms that are essential if we are to avoid conflict and live in peace in South Africa."

Warning Signs. Outside Parliament, some South African leaders were even more emphatic. Said Alex Boraine, a Progressive-Reform M.P. and former president of the predominantly black Methodist Church of South Africa: "For years now the warning signs have been flashing for all to see. The tragedy is that they have been dismissed as the workings of a few agitators or political activists, or as rumblings that could easily be contained. I desire peace for South Africa, but there can be no peace without justice." Added Professor Erich Leistner, deputy director of Pretoria's Africa Institute, an African-affairs study organization: "Sharpeville marked the first major self-assertion of black nationalism against white supremacy in South Africa. Last week's tragic events will probably go down in history as the beginning of an era where whites no longer hold exclusive control over political power in our country."

Vorster did not seem to agree. In a special statement to Parliament, he argued that the outbreak of violence had "not been spontaneous" and had been planned "to bring about a polarization between black and white in South Africa." Once the country's tough "Top Cop," Vorster said that he had "instructed the police to take action, irrespective of persons, against anyone disrupting law and order." In his statement, which was taped and later broadcast nationwide on radio and television, the Prime Minister insisted that "there is definitely no reason for any panic. This gov-

SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE FIRING PISTOLS AT SOWETO RIOTERS



CARRYING A RIOT VICTIM



THE WORLD

ernment will not be intimidated."

The shadow of Soweto will clearly hang over the Prime Minister's talks with Kissinger—one of those awkward summits that West German officials, in retrospect, probably wish could have been held elsewhere. Responding to threats of embarrassingly massive protests against Vorster and his government's apartheid policies, the Bonn government last week shifted the proposed site of the meeting from Hamburg to southern Bavaria. Kissinger and his 100-member retinue will be ensconced at the Hotel Sonnenhof in the picturesque village of Grafenau (pop. 4,000), deep in the Bayerischer Wald and about 13 miles from the Czechoslovak border. Vorster's entourage will be provided rooms in another Hotel Sonnenhof, in the equally colorful village of Bodenmais, about 30 miles away. The Secretary and the Prime Minister will shuttle between the villages, either by car or helicopter.

The summit was an outgrowth of Kissinger's recent tour of Black Africa. He became convinced that the Vorster government was the key to any peaceful solution in the region, a point also made by several of the black leaders he talked with. Vorster, who recently met with Prime Minister Ian Smith, had planned to be a surrogate envoy for Rhodesia. He intended to warn Kissinger that as long as force and black terrorism are being used against the white-controlled regime, the Smith government will fight on to the bitter end.

White Hands. The Soweto riots almost certainly will reduce Vorster's leverage potential to bring a recalcitrant Rhodesia around to acceptance of black majority rule. Smith can now raise South Africa's own racial troubles in defense of his determination to keep power in "civilized" (meaning white) hands. He can also point out that despite guerrilla attacks, Rhodesia's own black townships remain free of the violence that wracked Soweto. Beyond that, Vorster presumably will be subject to pressure from conservative whites to keep a firm hold on the blacks.

Kissinger, for his part, wants to avoid an all-out racial war in Rhodesia, which might force South African military intervention to prevent the slaughter of the country's 278,000 whites. The Secretary recognizes the unique role that Vorster and his people can still play on the continent: in his Lusaka speech last April, he told a predominantly black audience that white South Africans "are not colonialists" and that "historically they are African people." At the Bavarian summit, Kissinger will urge Vorster to surrender jurisdiction over Namibia and proclaim a timetable, "acceptable to the world community," for greater self-determination for blacks in South Africa itself. In light of the Soweto tragedy, it would seem likely that this particular message will come through to Vorster—very loud and very clear.

Inside Sprawling Soweto

*Doctors darting
From place to place
With harried nurses at their side.
So it's Friday night.
Everybody's enjoying
In Soweto
—Oswald Mtshali,
Sounds of a Cowhide Drum*

Even on Friday night—payday—there's not much to enjoy in Soweto. Into a 35-sq.-mi. area are packed perhaps a million people—650,000 by official count—and life is hard and bleak. Soweto is Johannesburg's Harlem, a black ghetto that has sprawled into the country's fourth largest city.

Very little is pretty about Soweto, not even the name (which rhymes with potato). It derives from no tribal dialect but from "southwestern township," its location, eight miles southwest of the larger white city. Soweto is actually a black bedroom community for Johannesburg. Most of the adults commute daily aboard crowded, segregated trains to jobs in the city. Few whites return the visits. To enter Soweto, a white person must obtain a special permit good only for daylight hours, a day at a time.

Pall of Smoke. Most Sowetoians live there at the whim of the white government, and can be evicted and sent back to tribal homelands for minor misbehavior. Fewer than 20% of their tiny, boxlike houses have electricity, no more than 5% have hot running water. Usually a cloying pall of smoke hangs over the rows of houses from the coal stoves used for both cooking and heating.

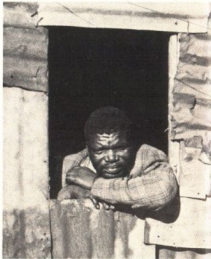
The only relief from blackness and oppression is Soweto's social life. Community halls provide television, a relatively new feature in South Africa, but since programs are all-white, they generate little interest. Instead, Soweto fam-

ilies prefer to visit a beer garden for "Bantu beer" (made of slightly fermented maize), or a shebeen (speakeasy) for stronger drink and the sensuous local music called *patha patha*. The shebeens, which sprang up because black men could not be served hard liquor legally, are still unlawful, but police tolerate them as pressure valves.

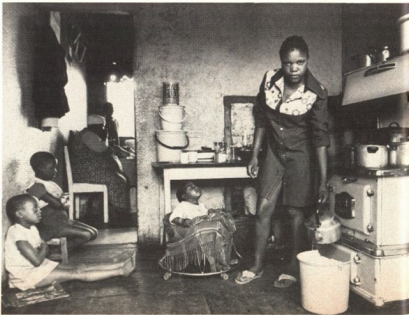
Actually there are not enough police available to supervise the shebeens or control the populace. Thugs known as *tsotsis* prowls the streets, particularly on payday, to mug hapless passersby. With murders running at the rate of 1,000 a year, the all-black Soweto urban council (which advises on Soweto affairs for the all-white Johannesburg city council) has called for vigilante patrols.

Most residents are doomed to obscure jobs in Johannesburg, where they

SOWETO RESIDENT AT HOME



BLACK FAMILY IN SMALL KITCHEN OF THEIR HOME IN THE TOWNSHIP



must face apartheid constantly and always carry the "reference book" that Soweto-born Poet Mthshali calls "the document of my existence." These passbooks—which must be produced, on threat of jail, whenever a policeman demands one—include photographs, place of residence, employer, taxes paid and special curfew privileges if any. The average black salary in Johannesburg is \$140 a month, only slightly more than the cost of living for a family of five in the box houses of Soweto. Average white salaries, in contrast, are at least five times higher. If Sowetoians are lucky, they may advance to such jobs as computer programmer or bank teller, not necessarily restricted to whites. If they manage that, they can join Soweto's minuscule black elite (less than 1%) who live in a kind of Nob Hill known as Pioneer Avenue with ranch houses, one or two cars, black servants, golf courses and even an annual debutante ball.

Upper-class blacks, surveys indicate, are largely content with life in Soweto. Those less well off are not, and their discontent increases as their age goes down. Ominously, more than 55% of Sowetoians are under 20.

ANGOLA

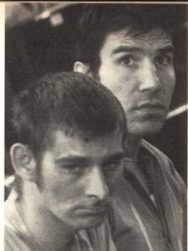
Rough Justice At a Show Trial

Africa's political show trial of the year was under way in Luanda last week, and seemingly everyone was tuned in. Citizens of the Angolan capital walked the streets with transistor radios pressed to their ears. In the evening, silent, intent knots of people watched tape replays of the trial over Angola's single, government-controlled TV channel. The unwilling stars of the judicial spectacular in Luanda's sandstone Chamber of Commerce building: 13 foreign mercenaries, all captured in the northern part of the country last February, who were accused in a 139-part indictment of more than 100 assorted crimes against the Angolan people during the recent civil war. Ten of the defendants were British, including the notorious Costas Georgi, 25, also known as "Colonel Callan." In addition there were three Americans—Daniel Gearhart, 34, of Kensington, Md., Gary Acker, 21, of Sacramento, Calif., and Argentine-born Gustavo ("Gus") Grillo, 27, a resident of Jersey City.

In court, reported TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief Lee Griggs from Luanda, the mercenaries were dressed identically in bellless, one-piece tan prison-issue jumpsuits. During the twice-daily sessions, the prisoners sat calmly on backless wooden stools on a red-rope dock facing the tribunal—a court that consisted of two Angolan lawyers, two sol-

diers and a representative of OMA, the national women's organization. The mercenaries followed the questioning intently on headsets for simultaneous translation into five languages—English, French, Portuguese, Spanish and Russian. There was a point to having the proceedings delivered in the two latter languages: Russian and Cuban advisers to the Angolan government were conspicuously present in the courtroom.

The charges against the mercenaries ranged from specific atrocities (murder, assault, arson, sabotage, rape and robbery) to vague accusations of "meeting with the traitor Holden Roberto" (head of the defeated National Front for the Liberation of Angola—F.N.L.A.). The "crime" of being a mercenary, charged against all 13 defendants, is not defined



CALLAN (REAR) AND FELLOW PRISONER



WOUNDED PRISONER TESTIFYING IN LUANDA COURTROOM FROM HIS WHEELCHAIR
Specific atrocities and vague accusations.

in Angolan law, but most foreign observers were impressed by at least the surface fairness of the proceedings.

Trial Tone. The evenhanded tone of the trial was set by Chief Judge Ernesto Texeira da Silva, a Luanda lawyer. He questioned witnesses in a calm, fatherly way, occasionally rebuked flamboyant, goateed Prosecutor Manuel Rui Monteiro, and allowed defense lawyers to introduce matters that Western courts would quickly have ruled inadmissible or irrelevant. At one point the judge ordered the arrest of a prosecution witness for perjury and had the testimony of another stricken from the record.

The British mercenaries' basic defense was that they merely acted under the orders of Callan, who on the second day of the trial had in fact accepted the blame for any crimes committed by his subordinates. "Anything they are charged with is my responsibility," the

swaggering former paratrooper told the tribunal. "I don't want to answer any more questions, O.K.? I've made my statement."

As the trial ended, Callan once more insisted that he was responsible for ordering the murders. Andrew McKenzie, 25, who lost his left leg in an explosion during the civil war, was accused of helping to execute 13 other mercenaries who refused to join a firing squad. He said that Callan "told me that if I didn't do it I'd be joining the victims." McKenzie's defense was directly challenged by one prosecution witness, a former F.N.L.A. soldier, who testified that both Callan and McKenzie had forced a group of Roberto's troops to strip naked. The witness claimed that Callan said, "When I count one, two, three—run"—and that both the colonel and McKenzie had opened fire on the fleeing men. "Lying bastard," growled Mc-

Kenzie from his wheelchair in the dock.

The defendants pleaded mitigating circumstances, ranging from deprived childhoods to ignorance of the real motive of their missions. Some insisted that they had been recruited only to serve in Zaïre. Others claimed that they had signed up only to train F.N.L.A. forces. Gearhart and Acker said they had never shot at anyone. Acker insisted that he had been "ambushed, wounded and captured before I could take any offensive action."

By far the most colorful and cooperative defendant was Grillo, a former Marine sergeant in Viet Nam, who told the tribunal that he had once worked as a bodyguard for a bookmaker ("who probably pays taxes to the Mafia") before his service with the F.N.L.A. in Angola. Grillo willingly propagandized against his adopted country. "The part of American society I come from," he said, "was a monster, full of power seekers and status seekers, with lots of drugs and so on. In New York they have restaurants for dogs while people die in the streets of cold and hunger."

Nignogs. Wearing black robes and glaring malevolently at the defendants, Prosecutor Monteiro tried to interject strident political notes. With seeming deliberation, he failed to correct his witnesses when they kept referring to the mercenaries, most of whom were British, as "the Americans." Raising the specter of racism, he asked one defendant: "Isn't it true you referred to black Angolans between yourselves as nignogs?" Answered the prisoner firmly: "Sir, we never once used that name." Monteiro also arranged for a courtroom film show that featured clips of President Ford denying that the U.S. was training mercenaries, followed by gruesome shots of massive graves and mutilated corpses on the Angolan battlefield.

In an angry summation, Monteiro demanded the death sentence for all the accused. The trial concluded at week's end; no verdict was announced, but Judge da Silva said sentencing would take place early this week. If the men are condemned to death, it will be up to Angolan President Agostinho Neto to decide whether the sentences are carried out. Although there is no appeal from the tribunal's decision except on technical grounds, the president must approve the sentences and alone has power to commute them. Chances are strong that Callan will eventually go before a firing squad, but Grillo and the other two Americans might escape that fate. Last week Angola asked for a special meeting of the United Nations Security Council to consider its application for membership in the international body. A previous move by the Neto government to become a U.N. member was postponed in May at Washington's request. In a not so subtle bit of blackmail, Luanda may be holding three American lives to ransom against a possible veto at the United Nations by the U.S.



SWEDEN'S KING CARL XVI GUSTAF AND BRIDE LEAVE CHURCH AFTER THE WEDDING

SWEDEN

Now, the P. R. Royal Couple

In his "one-class" Socialist country, in which he has been stripped of all real power and even subjected to the levies of the taxman, Sweden's King Carl XVI Gustaf last week was regaled with one of the few remaining circumstances still entitled to royal pomp: his wedding. Indeed, with its processions, ceremonies and feasts, last Saturday's nuptials more than lived up to its advance billing as the royal spectacular of the year.

Assembled in Stockholm's hauntingly Gothic cathedral were four reigning monarchs (Belgium's King Baudouin, Denmark's Queen Margrethe II, Luxembourg's Grand Duke Jean and Norway's King Olav V), ex-King Constantine of Greece and ex-Tsar Simeon II of Bulgaria, eight princes, ten princesses and other assorted nobility.

At the stroke of noon, the curly-haired 30-year-old King Carl XVI Gustaf took the arm of his 32-year-old bride—Commoner Silvia Sommerlath, the vivacious daughter of a West German businessman. Then they began the long walk to the ebony and gold altar. Their vows were identical to those exchanged by all Swedes marrying in the state Lutheran Church. Flanking the altar upon cushioned taborets were two gold, jeweled crowns, which they will never put upon their royal heads. Reason: Carl Gustaf's countrymen would deem that unsuitably undemocratic.

Following the recessionary, a horse-drawn landau elegantly carried the newlyweds through the capital's spotless streets and over flag-draped bridges as some 20 bands filled the air with rousing marches, folk songs and bagpipe tunes. Lining the route were enthusiastic, cheering crowds and honor guards from more than 60 military, civic and private organizations. The long gondola-

like Royal Barge, manned by 18 oarsmen in blue Navy dress, took the couple across the Strommen to a lavish luncheon for 300 relatives, friends and official guests at the 680-room Kungliga Slottet (Royal Palace). Afterward, the King and his new Queen headed for two weeks in seclusion to begin their honeymoon. (To newsmen earlier in the week, Carl Gustaf had quipped: "That's enough time, isn't it?")

Queenly Hostess. An estimated 500 million viewers around the globe watched telecasts of the festivities, giving the event a public relations value that delighted even the most republican of Swedes. To them, the wedding was a means of reminding the world of the existence and efficiency of Sverige AB (Sweden Inc.). In fact, Sweden's press long has proclaimed Carl Gustaf the "country's No. 1 p.r. man." The new Queen is almost sure to earn a similar encomium. She is witty and conversant in six languages (including recently acquired Swedish). She has become very popular since her engagement to Carl Gustaf last March, after a courtship that began at the 1972 Olympics in Munich, where she was chief hostess for top VIPs—one of whom was the young Swedish crown prince.

After the honeymoon, the King will resume his hectic round of ceremonial duties. He and Silvia, however, will have to find some time to inspect the more than 1,500 wedding gifts they have received (including a modern sculpture from President Ford and a rocking chair for two from Finland's President). They must also face the task of providing an heir to the throne; under the constitution, female succession is banned and, except for a 63-year-old uncle, Carl Gustaf is the last male of the royal line.

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JAMAICA

'Jah Kingdom Goes to Waste'

Recently, Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley invited supporters attending the tenth annual conference of his central Kingston constituency to study closely a film called *The Rise and Fall of the CIA*, a British-made documentary about alleged agency operations in Laos, Viet Nam and Salvador Allende's Chile. "I cannot prove in a court of law that the CIA is here," Manley told his audience. "What I have said is that certain strange things are happening in Jamaica which we have not seen before."

By "strange things," the Prime Minister meant random acts of violence that so far this year have led to the death of more than 100 people, mostly in the slums of West Kingston. Last week, though, Peruvian Ambassador Fernando Rodriguez Oliva was stabbed to death by burglars in his home in an upper-class section of the capital.

In a stern effort to halt violence that has been causing a death a day in Jamaica, Manley's government took the extreme step of declaring a state of emergency. This move gives the Jamaican Security Force broad and tough powers to maintain law and order. Said the Prime Minister: "We have witnessed a type and scale of violence unique in our history, terrorist activities previously unknown to us which have caused fear and concern to every decent Jamaican citizen." Security forces, he insisted, had found evidence that terrorism was to be deliberately stepped up this week.

Nighttime Sounds. The Prime Minister, announcing the state of emergency, also gave a vivid example of the kind of violence he intended to stop. On the night of May 19, Manley recalled, in what has become known as the "Orange Street Massacre," a gang seeking vengeance for the stabbing of one of its members set fire to a tenement house. With gunfire the gang held firemen at bay and the occupants inside the burning building. Eight children and three adults died in the fire.

Even before the state of emergency, police and soldiers of the 8,000-man security force had been carrying out nightly cordon-and-search operations in Kingston under the country's weapons control laws (automatic life imprisonment for anyone caught with guns, grenades or explosive devices). A new addition to the nighttime sights and sounds of the city is the loud whir of an army helicopter with a powerful searchlight, hovering over an area where security forces have moved in to make a sweep.

U.S. Ambassador Sumner Gerard has protested that the CIA is not in any manner trying to upset the Jamaican government, even though Washington is less than happy about Manley's warming friendship with Fidel Castro. Ger-

rard's denials were reinforced last week by William H. Luers, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Affairs, who told a House subcommittee that allegations of U.S. interference were "totally false." If American citizens are engaged privately in "destabilizing" activities, Luers added, "we are prepared to cooperate fully with the governments of the area to bring them to justice."

Prime Minister Manley is not totally convinced. "We have not said that destabilization in Jamaica is the result of deliberate top-level U.S. Government policy," he told *TIME* Correspondent Bernard Diederich last week. "Dr. Kissinger has said that it is not so, and that may be so. Nonetheless, what upsets people now is that assurances were being given Allende and his ambassadors up to a few weeks before [his death]—bland assurances saying 'Of course we're not doing that'—and yet we now know it was happening."

Specifically, Manley blames the violence on his right-wing political enemies who are trying to impede Jamaica's path to socialism. If, in fact, they do get help from American sources, he claims, it is partly because of his friendship with Castro (who may visit Kingston in August) and partly because Jamaica backed the pro-Soviet regime of Agostinho Neto in Angola. The U.S., argues Manley, "has been resentful of any country in the Western Hemisphere that came out in support of Neto and the Cubans against the South Africans. They have been very bitter about it."

A more plausible explanation for

Jamaica's unrest is Manley's efforts to turn the island republic into a socialist state. Even the Prime Minister's supporters concede that the economy is in a shambles. Unemployment is running at about 22%, and is particularly high among urban youth, who police say are guilty of most of the recent murders. The country's foreign exchange earnings, principally from bauxite, sugar and tourism, are down 40 to 60% below last year's total of \$400 million, and reserves have dropped from more than \$102 million in November to less than \$38 million. Wealthy Jamaicans have illicitly exported perhaps \$200 million abroad; some of the currency has been smuggled out in fake cigarettes, fortune cookies and pork carcasses. Says one member of an intelligence force trying to halt the financial outflow: "It has replaced the smuggling of ganja (marijuana) to Grand Cayman, Miami and Canada."

Chance of Winning. In addition, many wealthy Jamaicans have set up second residences abroad. Whether they emigrate will depend on the outcome of the next general election (probably in February). Manley's People's National Party currently has 35 seats in Parliament, to 17 for the opposition Labor Party, led by Edward Seaga. An able economist, Seaga faces the ethnic disadvantage of his Lebanese ancestry; he is light-skinned in an overwhelmingly black nation. Nonetheless, he stands a good chance of winning if there is more violence and the economy continues to stagger. Many Jamaicans are convinced that will be the case. In the sad words of a current hit by Ernie Smith, one of Kingston's top reggae singers, "As we fight one another for power and glory, jah kingdom goes to waste."

PRIME MINISTER MICHAEL MANLEY SPEAKING AT RALLY



BERNARD DIEDERICH

His eyes are "blood-red pools." His "familiar bald head hangs low from the heavy excess of the night before." He shows up on the set late and bobbles his lines. So said the *London Daily Mail* describing **Telly Savalas** filming a movie in West Berlin. Savalas' eyes turned purple when he saw the article, and last week he took his beef to a London court. Fellow Actor **James Mason** defended Telly's casual treatment of scripts, saying that he was "famous for the spontaneous and creative use of the language." Telly, for his part, disputed the *Daily Mail's* view of him as an unprofessional boor: "I am a loud, extraverted, friendly person, but never rude." The jury awarded him \$60,000 in damages, which Telly, noting that his current wife Sally is English, magnanimously promised to spend in hard-pressed England. "I'm the biggest

est day of my life." She was, after all, gaining not only a daughter but a grandchild, due in August.

How, in this McLuhanesque visual age, had there been no photograph of the great event? As **Raquel Welch**, 35, was churning through a dance number at the Painters Mill Music Fair in Baltimore, the crowd suddenly gasped, the musicians put down their instruments in awe. Raquel's hot-pink halter top had come fluttering down, thus revealing, for the first time on stage or screen, the superstructure that made her famous. La Welch quickly pulled herself and her costume back together, ad-libbing with admirable aplomb: "Well, at least I didn't let myself down."

When last seen as the starched, love-parched maid in *Upstairs,*



BERNIE & LORRAINE GETTING HITCHED

JEAN MARSH PLOTTING AGAINST CHURCHILL



TELLY SAVALAS EMERGING FROM LONDON COURT \$60,000 RICHER

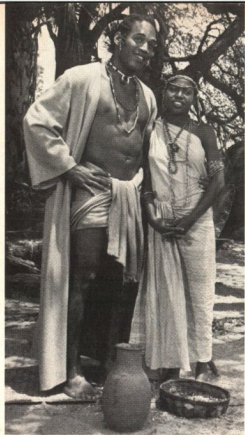
mouth," he conceded, but also "the biggest Anglophile."

First, fun-loving Financier **Bernie Cornfeld** lost his mutual fund empire. Now, at 48, he's said goodbye to another cherished asset—his swinging bachelorhood. In a candlelit ceremony at his Beverly Hills mansion, Bernie appeared in dazzling white—it was, after all, his first marriage—to wed Lorraine Dillon Armbruster, 28, a sometime fashion model whom he met in Paris a year ago. After the Jewish ceremony, the happy couple accepted congratulations from a crowd of well-wishers that included Best Man **Tony Curtis**, **Warren Beatty**, **Michelle Phillips** and Bernie's Russian-born ma, **Sophie Cornfeld**, 88, who pronounced it all "the great-

Downstairs, British Actress **Jean Marsh** was helping the Allies win World War I by serving tea at the Bellamys and moonlighting as a bus conductor. But lately she has been embroiled in World War II, filming *The Eagle Has Landed*, in which she plays a British WAC gone awry aiding **Michael Caine**, a German colonel, in a plot to kidnap **Winston Churchill**. How could the prim Rose of *Upstairs* switch from kitchenling to quiskling? Easy, she says: "I'd do it to anyone for the money."

J. Paul Getty once kept a pay phone at his English mansion, but he wasn't the sort to nickel and dime his women—except possibly his wives. The oil billionaire was married and divorced five times before he died this





O.J. AS NORTH AFRICAN PATERFAMILIAS

KATHY CRONKITE AS URBAN GUERRILLA



month at 83, but his will mentioned only No. 5—**Louise Lynch Getty** of Santa Monica, Calif., a singer who wed Getty in 1939 and gets \$55,000 a year for life. Eleven other women shared in Getty's largesse, including a German countess, a French art dealer, Getty's Nicaraguan companion **Rosabella Burch** (she got \$82,625 in Getty stock) and **Lady Ursula d'Abo**, a merry London widow who acted as hostess at his parties (\$165,250 in stock). The big winner, with \$826,250 in stock plus \$1,167 a month, was **Penelope Ann Kitson**, 53, a decorator who had known Getty since the 1950s but refused to marry him, said her ex-husband, because "she was not prepared to be trampled on like his other wives."

■
Poor **O.J. Simpson**. He turns 29 next month, and he is itching to move back to California after seven years as a running back for the Buffalo Bills. "I've paid my dues in Buffalo," he feels. So, too, does his wife **Marguerite**, who refuses to leave Los Angeles. So O.J. is looking for locker space with some team closer to home and his acting career, in which he has appeared most recently as a North African paterfamilias in the ABC-TV movie *Roots*. He has also signed up for lessons with Drama Coach **Lee Strasberg**, which is an approved way of paying dues in Hollywood.

■
Patty Hearst has been snatched again. In *Network*, a thriller-with-a-message by Director **Sidney Lumet**, a young heiress named **Mary Ann Gifford** is kidnapped by an outfit called the Ecumenical Liberation Army, joins them in a bank robbery, then helps them try to sell a film of the heist to a big TV network, to be shown on its *Mao Tse-tung Hour*. During the negotiations, which lead to the crackup of a venerable anchorman, played by **Peter Finch**, Mary Ann cries out, "It's not the money that's important, it's the principle." The principled girl is **Kathy Cronkite**, Walter's aspiring actress daughter. Cronkite, who was originally offered the anchorman role (CBS said no way), suggested that his old chum Lumet might hire Kathy, who had been working as bookkeeper in a Sunset Strip rock club. Father read her script, she says, "but never volunteered any comments. My dad and I keep our careers very far apart." And that's the way it is, Walter.

■
No pinchpenny honorific career at some university for **Harold Wilson**. Three months after he abruptly quit No. 10 Downing Street at 60, Britain's former Labor Prime Minister

has been so busy signing lucrative deals that he barely had time to get up to Windsor Castle last week to have **Queen Elizabeth II** award him the Order of the Garter. TV Impresario **David Frost** has signed him to narrate a 13-part series titled *The Prime Minister on Prime Ministers*, a personal Wilsonian look at his predecessors from **Robert Walpole** to **Harold Macmillan**. Although the \$175,000 or so that Wilson will get is only about one-fourth of what Frost is paying **Richard Nixon** for his reminiscences, he can also count on royalties from a just completed 85,000 word tome on *The Governance of Britain*. Wilson dashed it off in twelve weeks—although, he is quick to add, "I've been thinking about it for a long time."

WILSON GETTING HIS GARTER



LONDON (SEEKING NEWS)

Asia's Bouncing World of Movies

Okay, movie buffs and trivia fans everywhere, it's name-that-star time: What saturninely handsome actor is signed up for 170, that's right, 170 movies, with 50 of them currently in production?

No need to feel abashed at not knowing the answer: Indian Actor Shashi Kapoor, 38, is one of the stars in the Asian moviemaking world whose output is prodigious by Hollywood standards but who is seldom seen in the U.S. (Shashi did play opposite Hayley Mills in *Pretty Polly*.) For the most part, that is just as well. No other region of the world produces such a concoction of Kung Fu, sci-fi, porn, soapers, chasers and period pieces with such uneven degrees of tackiness and brilliance. From India to Japan, the film studios of Asia churn out more than 1,200 pictures a year, the work of moguls like Hong Kong's Run Run Shaw (see box) and one-shot entrepreneurs and ephemeral actors. A survey of the state of the industry in Asia's major countries:

In **INDIA**, 8 million people go to the movies every day. That is less than 2% of the population, but a market large enough to inspire 400 new films a year. "In the frenetic Indian movie industry," reports *TIME* Correspondent James Shepherd, "stars are not only born in a night but burn out in a night. Producers consider themselves lucky if they wind up a picture with enough money for a new car, a new mistress and a bottle of Scotch." With stars demanding six-figure salaries, a ho-hum Hindi movie costs around \$500,000. Production is sluggish, often taking a year.

A few stars, like Shashi Kapoor, classical dancer Gopi Krishna and lovely Shabana Azmi, 24, do very well working hard at their trade. Most days Shashi, for instance, does two eight-hour acting stints on different Bombay lots, often for his brother Raj's production company. On others, he'll hop a plane for Srinagar for a day's shooting in Kashmir, or roar off in his white Mercedes to Pune (formerly Poona) for a location. Then he will rush back to Bombay to read the script for *Last Train to Pakistan*, his next starring vehicle, and perhaps consider offers from abroad.

In Indian movies, not even kissing is permitted, though *frottage* (the rubbing of one clothed body against another) is allowed. Moviegoers get mainly what Shashi calls a *kedgerie* (a spicy dish of rice, peas and shredded onions). This appears on the screen as a mish-mash of singing, dancing and bare fist-cuffs, all revolving around impossible plots in which babies get swapped by vil-

lainous doubles and village belles with painted fingernails run off with rich landowners, who leave wives of unimaginable fortitude behind them. Into this unlikely mix go dubbed songs by so-called "playback singers," who become stars in their own right. Says Manohar Lal Bharadwaj, manager of Asha Film Distributors: "We never distribute movies with social themes because they have been total failures."

Movie actresses are the main style-setters in India, both in manners and morals. Zeenat Aman, who claims to be 24 but is closer to 30, has personally replaced the sari with blue jeans in millions of young Indian women's wardrobes. Parveen Babi, 22, the fastest-rising new star, is presently acting in 20 movies. One reason Indian movie fans are fascinated with Parveen, aside from her sleek figure, is because of her candor. Young men and women all over India claim that it is the swinging lives of the stars that are suddenly making them much less hesitant about jumping into bed with each other. Indian Essayist Nirad C. Chaudhuri charges India's cinema with being the "aphrodisiac" responsible for his country's exploding population, which seems slightly unfair, since the birth rate was soaring long before movies.

In any case, cinema has now become India's seventh-largest industry. In all, 65 studios and 38 film laboratories spend \$82 million to supply movies in 15 official languages to almost 9,000 Indian theaters (annual box office: \$256 mil-

lion). Bombay is the home of the big-budget Hindi hits, but it is Calcutta that has earned for India most of its international cinematic acclaim. That is mainly because of Satyajit Ray. Using Calcutta's swirling misery as a background for his low-budget masterpieces, Director Ray depicts Indian life with poignant realism. His famous trilogy, *Song of the Road*, *The Unvanquished*, and *The World of Apu*, has been applauded at film festivals all over the world, as has his more recent *Distant Thunder*. But Ray's movies are not popular in India. His new release, *Janu Aranya*, opened unheralded this spring in three obscure Calcutta movie houses.

In **TAIWAN**, movies last year attracted an audience of 235 million, indicating that every person on the island saw an average of 15 movies. Seven production companies with 20 sound stages turn out 120 films a year, mainly teenage tearjerkers, but occasional quality flicks too. *A Touch of Zen*, by renowned Director King Hu, won the Cannes Film Festival top prize in 1975 for technique. Ting Shan-Hsi, winner of the Asia Film Festival Best Director award, has just completed a \$2.5 million epic called *800 Heroes*, using a cast of 50,000 troops, 30 navy vessels and 50 refitted air force planes. Ting had a problem: protecting his players. Thirty had to be hospitalized because real TNT was used in some of the action scenes.

In the **PHILIPPINES**, Filipinos spend 20% of their leisure money on movies. Nearly 200 films are now being produced annually. Locally made skin

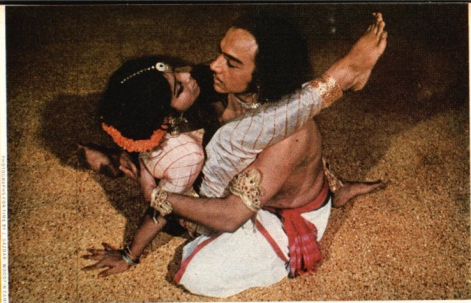


GIANT MOVIE POSTER IN BANGKOK TOUTING THE LATEST SHOW
Eviscerated women may take 36 artists to paint.



Clockwise from bottom: Run Run Shaw holds casting session. Tanny Chu poses on Movie Town back lot. Kung Fu Star Yang Pan-pan shows legwork (with Lin Yung) and armwork (center). Fanny Chiu frolics in Run Run's pool.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DIRCK HALSTEAD



Top left: Shabana Azmi. Top right: Gopi Krishna in love dance with supple student. Opposite: Zeenat Aman backgrounded by photo of herself in a recent Raj Kapoor production. Below: filming of wedding scene from new Raj Kapoor spectacular, with Zeenat Aman and Shashi Kapoor as bride and groom. Lower right: Parveen Babi displaying her talents.



flicks, called *bomba*, have been dampened by martial law sensibilities, so producers are now filming what they call "bold" movies, which are only slightly less explicit. The Philippines' most popular actor-director-producers are Joseph Estrada, who in real life is mayor of San Juan, and Fernando Poe Jr. Both are masters of swashbuckling adventures. Poe has just been signed to play the guerrilla hero Ferdinand Marcos—who was one in World War II and is now the country's strong-willed president.

THAILAND is spawning a new wave of versatile film makers concerned with such local problems as teenage prostitution and guerrilla terror. But they also do occasional excellent non-message films. Actress-Writer-Producer Patravadee Sritrairatt, 28, a bright and beautiful newcomer, has made a sensitive movie called *Games* that is the sophisticated story of a triangular bisexual love affair. A splashy sidelight of the industry is movie-poster art. In Bangkok, block-long billboards picturing grotesque snake-entwined monsters hovering over eviscerated women may cost \$40,000 and take 36 artists to paint. These gargantuan murals, which used to be thrown away, are suddenly being bought up by European museums. Sombonsuk Niyomsiri, one of Bangkok's foremost poster painters, has gone on to become Thailand's biggest film producer—under the name of Piak Poster. His latest movie, *American Surplus*, deals with the discrimination suffered by the bastard offspring of black American GIs stationed in Thailand during the Viet Nam war.

Tiny **HONG KONG** boasts of one of the region's healthiest film industries, but elsewhere in Southeast Asia film production is skimpy. **Indonesia** produced 35 titles last year, but imported another 400. **Malaysia's** production is even more paltry, though the government recently announced plans to establish a national film corporation. In socialist **Burma** there remain 100 privately owned companies. But only ten have their own cameras, and the government restricts the import of film. All of **Burma's** movie houses have been nationalized. **South Korea** produced 94 films last year. But the melodramas were so low grade that they are never likely to be seen outside of the country, or even very widely inside. In fact, Korean audiences are so turned off by movies that 35 cinemas have closed down in the past two years.

In **JAPAN**, once a leader in quality movies, the film business is depressed. The thicket of TV antennas sprouting over Tokyo rooftops explains the country's state better than any statistics. Practically every Japanese home has a TV set. New film releases last year totaled 333. More than two-thirds of these were "pinkies," as Japanese call their mass-produced pornos—the kind that Actor Mitsuysu Maeno starred in until he died a kamikaze's flaming death crashing a Piper Cherokee onto the home of Lockheed Lobbyist Yoshio Kodama (TIME April 5). Box office receipts were deceptively high, totaling \$390 million. But more than half the revenue came from a succession of smash-hit imports: *Earthquake* (which reminded Jap-

anese of their own killer quake of 1923), *Towering Inferno*, *Emmanuelle* and *Jaws*.

The problem of Japan's film industry is also reflected by polls that show that 80% of all Japanese prefer not to leave home to see a movie. As a result, some 5,000 of Japan's 7,500 movie houses have been closed or converted into bowling alleys and supermarkets. Time was when the great Japanese directors like Yasujiro Ozu and Akira Kurosawa were winning film festivals all over the world with movies like *An Autumn Afternoon*, *Rashomon* and *Seven Samurai*. Today Kurosawa has priced himself out of the local market.

The new directors seem intent on pandering to the yens of teen-agers with such potboiler adventures as *Nihon Chimbotsu* (*Submersion of Japan*) and with action comedies centering on everyday life like *Turaku Yaru* (*Truck Rascals*). Another new trend is toward the realistic documentation of World War II. *Advance into the Pacific* made use of combat footage shot by both American and Japanese cameramen. *Hero in the Sky*, a film about one of Japan's greatest wartime aces, may end up violating the postwar taboo on celebrating Japanese feats of war.

Despite Japan's doldrums, Asia's film industry as a whole is likely to continue booming. The audiences obviously like what they see—however limited it may be—and the moviemakers will doubtlessly go on giving them what they want. Like their counterparts in Hollywood, the Asian Film men keep their eyes on the cash registers and their illusions on the screen.

The Empire of Run Run Shaw

Shaw is the name that dominates the movie business of Southeast Asia. Shaw Brothers' films, produced at Shaw's Movietown, shot in Shawscope color and shown in 143 Shaw-owned theaters, attract 250,000 people a day from Hong Kong to Jakarta, plus thousands more in Chinatowns around the world. Shaw Brothers grind out 40 titles a year (newest crop: *Black Magic*, *Killer Clans*, *Five Shaolin Masters*)—a sort of column A, column B menu of Oriental weepers with suicidal beauties, or Eastern Westerns featuring Kung Fu Mandarins.

But ever since *Five Fingers of Death* set U.S. and European box office records in 1973, Shaw Brothers has kept a keen eye out for Western fans. *Cleopatra Jones* and the *Casino of Gold* (a Shaw Brothers-Warner Brothers co-production) was a hit in the U.S. This year Shaw Brothers bought the rights to *Tai-pan* from MGM and budgeted \$12 million to film James Clavell's bestseller.

The motion picture potentate who rules this vast empire (which also in-

cludes amusement parks, shopping centers and office buildings) from his Movietown in Hong Kong is a grandfather of nine children, Run Run Shaw, 68. An older brother, Runme, 74, handles distribution from an alternate base in Singapore. "Everything is me and Runme," is how Run Run Shaw describes their joint holdings, valued at well over \$100 million. But it is Run Run who makes all the movies (500 so far) and manages the business.

Shaw movies usually take anywhere from 35 days to three months to shoot and cost about \$300,000. They are never filmed with a sound track. Instead, they are dubbed later in English, Italian, French, Portuguese and Spanish—even in their native tongue, Chinese. Run Run personally looks at all rushes. "Two reels and it's no good, OUT!" he exclaimed. "We're here to make money."

Run Run does that these days, he told TIME Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan, "by making three versions of the same movie: a hot version (and we

go the limit) for the U.S., Japan and Europe; a cold version with the bodies all covered for Singapore, Malaysia and Taiwan; and a medium version for Hong Kong. Thailand used to be hot, but the students made an issue out of sex and so now it's cold."

Run Run has no fear of television's cutting into his profitable empire. "A small screen can never compare with a big screen," he says. "Moviehouses will carry on. People like to go out, they like to be in a crowd. I am very fortunate. Our organization owns so many theaters in this part of the world that there's no competition. As long as the Chinese population in Asia is big, I will get back my investment. Besides, I make movies only for entertainment—never for politics."

With all that going for him, Run Run Shaw is likely to achieve his life's goal: "to keep my family comfortable for a few generations."



RUN RUN SHAW

MILESTONES

Married. Swedish King Carl XVI Gustaf, 30, and German-born Silvia Sommerlath, 32; both for the first time; in Stockholm (see *THE WORLD*).

Marriage Revealed. Cynthia Gregory, 29, America's foremost prima ballerina, currently in voluntary exile; and John Hemminger, 34, formerly the manager of singer Tim Hardin; she for the second time, he for the first; in San-to Domingo.

Died. Oliver J. Carter, 65, former chief justice of the U.S. District Court for Northern California and the man who presided, in a firm, folksy way, over the trial of Patricia Hearst; of a heart attack; in San Francisco. A Northern California patrician who was also a long-time Hearst family acquaintance, Carter won high marks for fairness and impartiality during the complicated trial, which found Patty guilty of bank robbery and felony possession of firearms.

Died. Taft B. Schreiber, 68, art collector, Republican Party fund raiser and executive committee member of MCA Inc.; of complications following a blood transfusion; in Los Angeles. Originally an office boy, Schreiber organized MCA's motion picture division, now Universal Pictures. He raised money for Richard Nixon and former California Governor Ronald Reagan. Several years ago, he switched allegiance to President Gerald Ford and, at the time of his death, was national co-chairman of the President Ford Committee, a fund-raising group.

Died. Artemus L. Gates, 80, banker, business consultant, Government servant and for 34 years a director of Time Inc.; following a lengthy illness; on Long Island. Born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Gates graduated from Yale in 1918 and was thrice decorated in World War I. In 1929, at the age of 33, he became president of New York Trust (now part of Chemical Bank). He joined Time's board in 1931, and in World War II served as an Assistant Secretary, then as Under Secretary, of the Navy.

Died. Harald T. Friis, 83, radio-communications pioneer whose work helped make possible, among other things, modern radio reception and microwave transmission; of a stroke; in Palo Alto, Calif. Born in Denmark, Friis became a leading research scientist with the Bell System, eventually holding 25 patents, including one for the famous horn-reflector antenna of microwave systems first used in satellite communication. Highly regarded as a teacher of other scientists, Friis also supervised the work of the late Karl Jansky, founder of radio astronomy.

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It is our plan to publish the results of this survey in newspapers and magazines, and to report them on television.

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The Tricentennial



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1. In the future, I would like people to be able to retire at an early age.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
2. I would like to work 'til the day I die.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
3. I hope future Americans live in a communal setting, rather than in the traditional family unit.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
4. I believe education in the future should be career oriented.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
5. I want education to be concerned with liberal arts and culture.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
6. I want stronger Federal government.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
7. I would like stronger local governments.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
8. I hope that all legal disputes, except for criminal cases, will be settled by computer.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
9. I hope the government provides more aid to amateur athletics.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
10. The government should give more support to entertainment and the arts.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
11. I hope there is a resurgence of faith and a reaffirmation of the meaning of religion.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
12. We should replace individual autos with Public Transportation.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
13. I believe energy problems will continue at least until the year 2000.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
14. I would like communications to be so rapid and thorough that people can vote directly on all major government decisions.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
15. I would like Americans in the future to be less concerned about the rest of the world and more concerned with our own ability to maintain our standard of living.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
16. I feel the nation will be better when there is no racial, sexual or religious discrimination and all groups have equal power.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
17. I believe universal health care should become a right that is guaranteed by the government.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
18. I would like to keep the nation's population down through the use of mandatory birth control.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
19. Government regulations should limit the structure, size, and profits of all major corporations.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
20. I think big government is more desirable than big business.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
21. I want labor unions to be more strictly controlled.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
22. I believe there must be greater individual sacrifice to protect the environment.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐
23. Life in general will be better for the next generation of Americans.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

Please feel free to comment on these questions or any topic you wish on a separate sheet of paper.

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Working under contract to various agencies, Conrail provides tracks as well as operating personnel for certain passenger trains.

But our main business is hauling freight. That makes us different from Amtrak, which is responsible for intercity passenger service.

The distinction is important. The way things are today, it is practically impossible to earn a profit



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on rail passenger service. Hauling freight is different. A railroad can make money doing that if it runs efficiently and offers good service.

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The legislation that created Conrail specifically attacks the major problems that caused the bankrupt railroads to fail:

- **Billions to improve roadbeds and equipment.** The bankrupt railroads didn't have enough capital to maintain their facilities, so they kept losing customers. In contrast, Conrail has \$2.1 billion in new capital—a Federal investment that we are legally obligated to pay back. We'll use that (plus more billions from Conrail revenues) to give better service.

- **Unprofitable lines no longer a burden.** The bankrupt railroads had losses from commuter lines

and unprofitable freight lines. Conrail will either drop such lines or be compensated for the difference between revenues and cost.

- **Support from the unions.** The unions want Conrail to succeed, and have already agreed to more flexibility in assigning employees.

Better service to customers

From Day One, we've had faster run-through service. Example:

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We've cut the number of people that shippers have to deal with.

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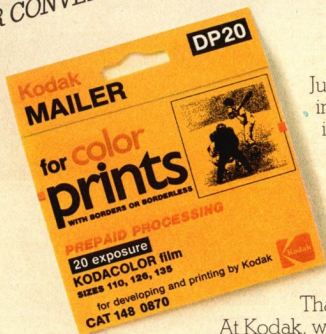
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MUSIC & DANCE

Opera in the Countryside

One of the most unlikely settings in the world of opera is a Tudor mansion deep in the English countryside. For more than 40 summers the Glyndebourne Festival has set its own particular standards of impeccable musicianship and demanding dramatic style, displayed in its tiny (795-seat) opera house, like a masque in a princeling's private theater. The current season opened this month with a production of Verdi's *Falstaff* scaled to human size; Glyndebourne proves to be the perfect setting for the limpid musical economies of the composer's final opera.

American Bass Baritone Donald Gramm is an example of Glyndebourne's inspired casting as Falstaff. He acknowledges that his voice lacks Verdi's special melodic *tessitura*. But its dramatic subtleties and Gramm's own worldly manner answer Producer Jean-Pierre Ponelle's demand for a Falstaff who is "no gross giant" and fits into the rumbustious Elizabethan world he recreates. Gramm is light on his feet and a magical actor as he spins out recollections of his page-boy youth (*Quando ero paggio*) and summons up what seems impossible but makes the character human: the memory of Falstaff as a child. He is no opera buffoon, but a laughing knight whether on top of the world or crushed by it. As Ponelle says: "Don't forget that Falstaff is an aristocrat."

Mozart's Standards. So is Glyndebourne. Founded in 1934 by John Christie, a wealthy country gentleman, as a diversion for his opera-singing wife Audrey Mildmay, it is now run by Son George. He surveys the audience, in the obligatory evening dress to reinforce the sense of occasion, picnicking on the 640-acre estate's broad lawns during the long early-evening intermission. Smoked salmon, *pâté*, cold chicken and white wine or champagne are the staple fare. No wonder second acts always seem better. Says Jonathan Miller, one of the festival's visiting producers: "There is a sense of incandescence on those long summer evenings for both audience and cast. You feel like Goethe in Weimar."

The perfection of the festival's venue obscures its contributions to opera. Standards decreed for Mozart by Glyndebourne's first conductor, Fritz Busch, sound inevitable today: original languages, a minimum of *bel canto* fireworks and intimate orchestration as Mozart scored it. Venetian operas now returning to the international repertoire were first revived here only a decade ago under the direction of Musicologist Raymond Leppard. Glyndebourne's current showpieces are the neglected conversational operas of Richard Strauss, *Capriccio* and *Intermezzo*. They

were staged for the lustrous Swedish Soprano Elisabeth Söderström under Administrator Moran Caplat's dictum of "hiring people we know and exploiting them at what they want to do." To succeed retiring Musical Director John Pritchard, Glyndebourne is bringing in Conductor Bernard Haitink. His crisp baton imparts a discipline to this year's production of *Pelléas et Mélisande* that discloses unexpected shadings in Debussy's diaphanous music.

Back to Text. At Glyndebourne every production starts anew. "When they've already sung it a hundred times, they've really forgotten it. We give them the discipline of the printed page and go back to the text," says Chief Coach Martin Isepp. Even revivals receive up to six weeks' intensive rehearsal, followed by at least four weeks' performance in repertory, "so the role can develop," says Gramm. "Once you get the opportunity to do a role here, it always stays with you."

Singers rising in the firmament flock to Glyndebourne even though they earn one-third or less than they could elsewhere. Not everyone accepts its disciplines: one crowd-pulling diva locked herself into her room to learn the score and missed rehearsals; she has never been invited back. Teresa Berganza, Luciano Pavarotti and Frederica von Stade had roles at Glyndebourne early in their careers, and Peter Pears came out of the chorus. Calvin Simmons, a young black from Los Angeles, is conducting this year's revival of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, staged with brilliant characterization by the director of Britain's National Theater, Peter Hall.

Gramm picked Glyndebourne for his triumphant British debut last year as a deliciously satanic Nick Shadow in Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, a new production that reached into the pop world for its designer. Painter David Hockney did new sets, costumes, even wigs cross-hatched with mock etching lines as pop comment on Hogarth's joky perspective. The visual motifs complement Stravinsky's neoclassical dissonances, themselves a wry comment on the festival staple of Mozart operas. The production, in repertory in alternate years, is quintessential Glyndebourne in its mixture of tradition and innovation.

Independent of government subsidy or meddling by civic opera committees, Chairman George Christie is free to take artistic chances because of Glyndebourne's loyal supporters. An appeal for \$150,000 to close this year's deficit in the festival's \$1.3 million budget overshoot its target. The money will go toward mounting new productions and burnishing Glyndebourne's gemlike setting—Christie refuses to use it to join the "international rat race" for stars. Explains Pritchard: "The *bel canto* move-



BARITONE DONALD GRAMM AS FALSTAFF
A laughing knight.

ment, for all its successes, has done terrible things to opera. It's brought out the public just to see how the singers do it. The audience doesn't come to hear the opera any more." At Glyndebourne, it does.

Lawrence Malkin

Call It Sleep

In its most elaborate and expensive production ever, the American Ballet Theater last week introduced Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty*. The three-act version is based as closely as possible on Marius Petipa's choreography, created in 1890. The sets and costumes are spruced up by Oliver Messel from his designs for the 1946 Sadler's Wells production. This was *The Sleeping Beauty* that enchanted U.S. audiences in 1949 and introduced them to Margot Fonteyn. For its gala opening at the Metropolitan Opera House, the A.B.T. presented perhaps the most brilliant stars in the dance world today, Natalia Makarova and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

One can only wish the company a sturdy future with this ballet, which will become part of its national touring repertory, because things got off to a very confusing start. Despite the care and hand-sewn detail lavished on them, the costumes seemed a garish tangle of colors. Even for mythical royalty these people looked overdressed. Baryshnikov in particular was unbekomingly clothed. In his first scene he was swaddled from chin to toe in fabric—a bright red frock coat and high boots that made him look

Bedeveiled

THE OMEN

Directed by RICHARD DONNER

Screenplay by DAVID SELTZER

The Omen presents just one question of genuine interest: Can the anti-Christ, moving among us in the form of a five-year-old boy, scare the world this summer as profitably as Bruce the Shark did, moving along similarly shallow shores of the mind, a year ago?

The answer is, probably. For *The Omen* is, like *Jaws*, a brisk, highly professional thriller, in which an implausible tale is rendered believable by the total conviction with which it is told. As did *Jaws*, it offers, from start to finish, a lovely ominous mood, punctuated by increasingly horrific actions that people react to a little too slowly, a little less imaginatively than they might. Finally, everybody's in the soup for fair and the audience is suspensefully simmering along with them.

The movie stretches a prophecy about the return of the Prince of Darkness, taken from *Revelations*, to fit certain events of our time—the creation of Israel and the Common Market, of all things—then argues persuasively that if Satan were to return in disguise he would logically want to be a member of a rich political family so that he could position himself for maximum mischief making.

The literally diabolical plot requires Gregory Peck, as a wealthy career diplomat, to acquiesce in the substitution of a foundling child for his own stillborn baby in order to protect his wife, Lee Remick, from psychological breakdown over her failure to deliver successfully. When appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, odd things begin to happen: the child's nanny hangs herself; a seemingly demented priest begins delivering strange and terrible warnings; a great, growling black mastiff appears out of nowhere to hover protectively around the lad (Harvey Stephens), who is a creature nothing human can love.

David Warner, as a press photographer who catches the strange drift of things, finally proves to Peck that he is not dealing with a set of curious coincidences. But by this time the ambassador's lady is trying to deal with them through psychiatry—quite useless—and is finally hospitalized as a result of a horrid accident engineered by junior. Peck and Warner start bucketing around Europe visiting monasteries, gloomy graveyards and archaeological digs, searching for proof of what they are already convinced is the awful truth and for techniques to deal with the menace.

This gives Writer Seltzer a chance to gracefully parade his knowledge of arcane church lore about its enemy, to im-

part Beelzebub's seven danger signals, as it were, and what to do about them. Director Donner has a smooth way of burying absurdity in atmospherics and does well with his set pieces, which include many gory, shocking and thoroughly entertaining deaths by special effect: a fine, spooky midnight raid on an Italian graveyard guarded by countless devil dogs and an ending sequence which combines fights, chases and a hard choice by Peck that is dramatically satisfying and cinematically expert.

Brainy Shark. It would be entirely unfair to report the outcome of these dark doings, but if it requires a slightly greater leap of faith in these secular times to believe in a reincarnated Devil than it does to believe in a brainily malevolent shark, all concerned make the jump quite a manageable one. Moreover, the use of a sweetly innocent-appearing child as the principal menace is a stroke of pop genius, reversing all generic conventions and audience expectations while avoiding through understatement the kind of queasy excesses of *The Exorcist*. Farfetched in subject matter, but not far out in its handling of it, *The Omen* speaks well of the Devil—and of the virtues of solid commercial craftsmanship. **Richard Schickel**

HARVEY STEPHENS IN THE OMEN



BARYSHNIKOV & MAKAROVA
From a faraway kingdom.

disconcertingly like a stray Cherubino.

The corps seemed to have done its preparation in the fitting rooms. As they have shown in *La Bayadere* and *Giselle*, this company can dance very well together, but in *The Sleeping Beauty* they were a gathering of anonymous soloists. They will improve. It would help greatly if Conductor Akira Endo, whose orchestra made some savage sounds on opening night, led the music at a brisker pace. As it was, the joke at intermission was that the royal court was in a stupor long before the Lilac Fairy cast her 100-year-long spell upon it.

Part of the problem is that the A.B.T. does not yet dance this exacting romantic choreography with conviction. The Kirov and the Royal companies have it; their members seem to believe in faraway kingdoms, and they play their roles with panache. So do Makarova and Baryshnikov, who gave the evening infusions of spirit and great beauty. No pace defeats Natalia Makarova. She fills the music and lets it breathe. At regal ease onstage, she manages to make languor a lively quality, that of a young girl just awakening.

There was simply too little of Baryshnikov. By being faithful to Petipa, this version does not give the Prince much to do but be charming. A variation has been added for him in the last act. It was more than three hours coming and worth the wait. Like a man set free, Baryshnikov whirled through space. In a series of double cabrioles his legs beat as invisibly as a hummingbird's wings.

Martha Duffy

A suffering child needs your help. Now.



Consider little Clemaria, 7 years old, and her brother, Jose Mario, 3, who are victims of their environment in a teeming city of Brazil. They are hungry. They live in a house made of adobe, without water or light. They use old boxes for furniture, their bedding is rags. The mother suffers from a heart condition and spends most of her time in bed. As you look into Clemaria's eyes, you can see she is tired of life.

Why is it the children suffer the most?

Perhaps because there are so many poor and hungry children, they no longer are considered important news. And yet, one-fourth of the world's children are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of too little food (while each day the average American eats 900 more calories than he needs and twice as much protein as his body requires). Since world population increases at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lags, it is predictable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year.

As this text was being written (in February, 1976), Clemaria and her brother were among nearly 20,000 children in the world registered by Christian Children's Fund but awaiting a sponsor to provide food, clothing, housing and medical care. Sponsors will surely be found for these

two youngsters, but what about the other children?

Not only the 20,000 on CCF's waiting list, but what about the millions of others who are barely clinging to life, children old before their time, children for whom entry into our program could mean the difference?

What can be done about them? We must learn to be generous again, with our emotions and concern as well as our wealth. We must return to the grass roots to assist individuals rather than nations. We must curb our own wastefulness. We must declare war on hunger. We must make a commitment. We must do something.

The world is full of children like Clemaria who are hurting. Will you help now? Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this grass roots way of sharing your love and relative prosperity with desperate children like Clemaria—who want only a chance to survive in a hungry world.

You can sponsor such a child for only \$15 a month. Please fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the child's project and environment. You will be encouraged to write to the child and your letters will be answered.

You can have the satisfaction of knowing your concern made the difference. It is late. Somewhere in the world a child is waiting.

We will send you a Statement of Income and Expense upon request.

I want to help!

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph. I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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Mail today to: Dr. Verent J. Mills

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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BEING READIED FOR JULY 12 CONVENTION OPENING

Bite of the Apple

A tidy rip-off here, a tasteful price-gouge there—it was all to be expected once the Democrats had picked New York City as the site of their convention. But not even the worldly-wise among the press had anticipated the size of the serpents that lurk around the Big Apple and its Garden; Madison Square, that is.

They are truly big, or so an outraged group of reporters and editors, armed with bills and price lists, told Democrat-

ic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss at a meeting in Washington, where they vigorously protested the looting of the Fourth Estate.

The news representatives claimed—and Democratic officials admit—that New York City convention costs have soared far beyond those in Miami four years ago, even allowing for inflation. The prices are equally exorbitant when compared with the current costs of setting up shop for the Republican Convention in Kansas City that begins Aug. 16. Some New York examples:

► Office equipment rental charges for the July 12th week reaching \$37.50 each for stack chairs, \$55 for a typewriter stand, \$140 for a filing cabinet and \$10 for a wastebasket. TV sets are \$50 per day. One firm is accused of having raised its prices from 50% to 400%, depending on the item, in the past four months.

► Costs of \$15 a linear foot plus a \$150 security deposit for installing rods and divider curtains for working spaces at Madison Square Garden. (A figure since lowered to \$4.50.) The same items in Kansas City: \$3 per foot and no security charge.

► A union-dictated charge of \$100,000 to erect the press platform, and another \$100,000 to tear it down.

► "Convention service charges" on all equipment being installed by the New York Telephone Company. Thus, a six-button phone that normally costs \$29 is \$127; a switchboard that is ordinarily \$542 is \$1,161; a unit that cost one major user less than \$4,000 in Miami, and will be \$5,000 in Kansas City, is \$7,000 in New York City.

► Typewriters that rented from one firm for \$18.50 in February were up to \$30 by May, and are \$40 now.

Such reports did not surprise Strauss (the DNC has been hit with a \$300,000 bill for removing, storing and replacing chairs in the Garden, three times higher than the original estimate), but they

NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

The Ordeal of the Same Speech

Now that campaigning has advanced from the primaries to maneuvering for delegates and power blocs, it is time to assess how the press and the candidates did out in the open. Insofar as they were at loggerheads, it was the candidates who won. They found a way to outwit all those reporters who seek novelty and call it news. Candidates discovered that the press hates nothing more than to be compelled to repeat what has been said before.

So for the candidates, the "ordeal" of the primaries may have required airplane hops, and dawn appearances at factory gates, and facial muscles tightened into frozen smiles, but the long march did not really involve much intellectual strain. The shrewdest among them had their act well in place and The Speech well learned. They solved the problem of television, with its terrible rate of consuming new material, by going back to the era of vaudeville acts, when Burns and Allen or Weber and Fields could play the same skit week after week from coast to coast, testing new

lines, honing the delivery, refining the timing. Reporters were reduced to making a commotion out of minor variations the candidate might try in The Speech.

Since newsmen did not keep reporting the familiar speech, and since it was never really heard at full length on television (where time cost too much and was hard to arrange), each fresh audience would hear it as largely new, and could smile or sneer in resignation at the snippets it already knew—Carter's longing for a Government as good as the American people, Reagan's chant that the canal is ours, Ford's conviction that a Government big enough to run things is a Government big enough to threaten us. These became applause lines just as carefully prepared and as essentially empty as Joe Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?" once was. Only occasionally did a reporter's sharp question throw a candidate off balance. (Reporters live in the conviction, which is not universally valid, that anyone's unguarded remarks more truly reflect his views than responses he has time to think out.)

Carter and Reagan, those presumably inexperienced outsiders, proved to be the most adept at the new campaigning. They did not discuss "issues" as journalists understand issues; they presented themselves. Both spoke softly and smiled often, giving a bland appearance to positions that were not in fact ways so bland. Secure in their formulations, unfazed in their reiterations of them, they felt little need to provide new headlines that might get them into trouble. Since the candidates spoke their unchanging lines like actors, reporters found themselves analyzing their performances in box office terms. In fact, "electability" has become the final political argument. (Worried at one point because TV news was concentrating on little except his comments on his electoral chances, Carter ordered up more commercials to proclaim his basic themes.)

The conventional wisdom of 1976 is that the public is disillusioned by politicians who overpromise, and is more concerned with character, judgment and ability. And here, oddly enough, it is two survivors, Carter and Reagan, so different in their outlook and temperament, who share a common trait. In part because of their professional, almost im-

THE PRESS

angered him—"I don't like it one damn bit." He told New York Mayor Abe Beame and Governor Hugh Carey something had to be done, complained to labor union officials, contractors and supply firms and came to New York City for a meeting with all concerned at the Statler Hilton (where double-room rates will be the standard \$42-\$54).

A Pencil. The result was a DNC "media update" to the 175 press organizations that have assigned some 10,000 journalists, technicians and aides to the convention. It offered names of equipment suppliers in New York City so that long-distance comparison shopping would be possible, and warned that deliveries to the Statler Hilton and the Garden should be firmly scheduled. The reason: labor charges for moving equipment in and out of the two buildings could substantially exceed the rental price of the equipment itself. The company handling Garden deliveries has been unable to offer any cost estimates.

"No one has taken advantage of the Democratic Party," concluded Strauss optimistically, "but we have a lot of confusion. Media people just don't know how to go about getting furniture. They're writers, not decorators." Despite Strauss's efforts, when the final bills come in from New York City, many a newspaper will long for those legendary days when all a good reporter needed was a pencil and an ear to hang it on.

personal skill at merchandising their personalities, they create an aura of reserve about themselves—one that reporters rarely penetrate. Against their cool responses, interrogative reporting of the Mike Wallace-Dan Rather school seems out of season, overheated and hectoring. Reporters, themselves often on camera, vie with the candidates in not wishing to appear rash, partisan or unfair. This "good guy" attitude further tranquilized primaries that were emotionally tepid and intellectually thin.

Now that introductions are out of the way and everyone knows the three finalists, some new scripts—and new ideas—are in order. There is, after all, quite a lot to talk about.

Perhaps the Republican Convention at Kansas City will change everything and turn Panama and Rhodesia into the Quemoy and Matsu of 1976. If not, you can shortly expect a loss of benignity from editorial writers, analysts and columnists, who, unlike the television cameras, need issues and not images on which to feed and ruminate. Tired of forever analyzing each candidate's appeal or parsing his pat answers, these critics will be talking instead about the campaign's lack of content.



PUTTING UP A FLAGPOLE was something new to us in Jack Daniel's Hollow. But we felt a National Historic Place should have one.

We were awfully proud when the U.S. Department of the Interior enrolled Jack Daniel Distillery in the National Register of Historic Places. And it seemed fitting that the flag should wave over the nation's oldest registered distillery. Of course, the government was honoring our *buildings*. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll agree our whiskey merits a little flag-waving as well.



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Rummaging in the Warehouse

Shows like "The Golden Door," which runs until Oct. 20 at Washington's Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, are commonplace now in the better-financed institutes of art. The visitor enters to find not paintings but blowups of old newspaper articles, photos and paragraphs of background material. This well-intentioned but over-produced exhibition attempts to present the vision of men and women who came to the U.S. as immigrants in the past 100 years. There are over 200 works by 67 artists—no more than a handful by any one person—strung out between way stations of information about immigration quotas and the rise of the Third Reich, sum-ups of the Bauhaus and Black Mountain College. The result is an assault upon both the mind and the eye. The frenzy of impressions obscures, unintentionally perhaps, the weakness in the show's premise: if America is a nation of immigrants, then a collection of immigrant work is little more than a somewhat arbitrary survey of modern art.

There are some admirable aspects to "The Golden Door." It begins jauntily with paintings by cubists and futurists, like Joseph Stella who arrived from Naples in 1896. He visited Europe more than a decade later and returned excited by Cézanne, the Fauvists and everything modern. During the three-year absence from his adopted country, he wrote later, "steel and electricity had created a new world. A new drama had surged from the unmerciful violation of darkness at night, by the violent blaze of electricity, highly colored lights." Stella

was describing America in 1912, and he translated one of his impressions into a bright, swirling canvas that he called *Battle of Lights, Coney Island* (see color pages).

Stella painted gas tanks, smoke stacks, the Brooklyn Bridge. He liked to call New York City his "wife." The city keeps recurring in the exhibition; it is its only clear image and might have been the subject of a coherent but less compendious effort. Raphael Soyer has a wonderfully weighty picture of the massive foundations of the Williamsburg Bridge with little red Surprise Laundry wagons lined up at the curb ready to make deliveries. In the '30s George Grosz did a series of watercolors: a childlike view of the harbor and a lurid skyline. Piet Mondrian, who spent the last four years of his life in Manhattan, found the city a perfect model for his grids; later Chryssa sculpted Times Square, appropriately, in fluorescent tubing.

Competing Objects. The most powerful New York picture is not of the city. Arshile Gorky's *The Artist and His Mother* shows two proud, exhausted people as they might have landed at Ellis Island. It was painted, however, from an old snapshot and memory. Gorky's mother died of starvation in Soviet Armenia after the family had fled the Turkish massacre. Gorky remained obsessed by the tragedy all his life. In the years before he hanged himself in 1948, he painted abstract reveries from his past like *Garden in Sochi*.

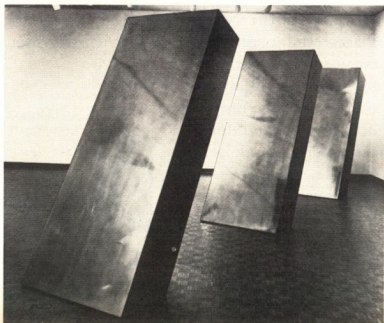
Gorky is the artist best represented by the show. Elsewhere Curator Cynthia Jaffe McCabe alights only briefly and tantalizingly. There are two paintings from Ben Shahn's powerful series on Sacco and Vanzetti, some brooding, seeping Rothkos, a poignantly dapper self-portrait by Max Beckmann painted just before he died. There are three fine de Koonings, including a matched pair, *Seated Man* and *Queen of Hearts*, who is a blowzy lady with a small askew coronet. Nor is the exhibition without a few sly, funny notes: John Graham's handsome, bejeweled, totally cross-eyed ladies, Alexander Archipenko's sleek bronze *Hollywood Torso*, in a stance like that of Venus de Milo.

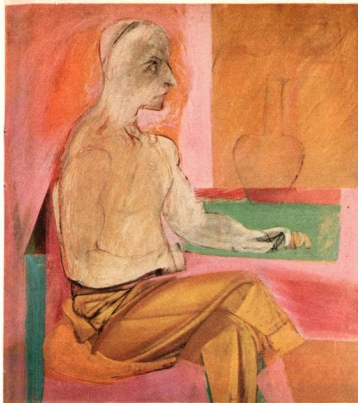
Room after room is filled with competing objects. In one, Ronald Bladen's 9-ft. aluminum slabs stare down some particularly busy Hans Hofmanns. After Marisol's metal umbrella, Lucas Samaras' chairs of tinsel and of yarn, scale models by Breuer and Sert, the visitor emerges from the Hirshhorn in a daze of impressions and with no satisfying conclusion. "The Golden Door" leads to an aesthetic warehouse. **Martha Duffy**



ARCHIPENKO'S HOLLYWOOD TORSO (1936)

THREE ELEMENTS, 9-FT. ALUMINUM SCULPTURES BY RONALD BLADEN (1966)





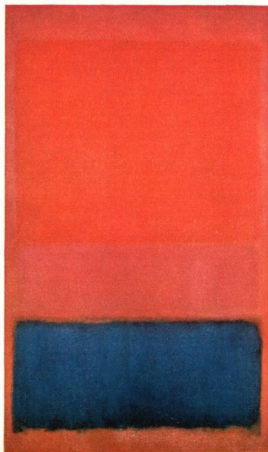
"Seated Man" by Willem de Kooning (ca. 1939)

"Self-Portrait in Blue Jacket" by Max Beckmann (1950)



"Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti" by Ben Shahn (ca. 1931)

Untitled by Mark Rothko (1954)





"Garden in Sochi" by Arshile Gorky (1941)

"Battle of Lights, Coney Island" by Joseph Stella (1913)



A Nose Job

Environmental officials in the San Francisco Bay Area have an assortment of instruments designed to monitor and evaluate the chemical and particle content of the air, but they have found no device yet that can match the human nose in detecting odors. In fact, the proboscis does such a good job that the Bay Area Regional Control Board recently established a panel of three people to screen odors. "In all fairness to the polluters, we will screen out hypersensitive noses," explained Tom Story, of the San Francisco Bay Area air-pollution control board, "and in all fairness to us, we will screen out the dead noses."

The entire staff of 200 at the smog agency is being tested for the nose jobs. Each employee is asked to don a mask attached to a dynamic olfactometer—a machine that regulates the strength of an odor by diluting it with air. Then he is subjected to a series of odor samples of varying strengths to establish the range in which his nose can identify 80% of the samples at a high odor concentration level and miss 80% at a low level. That range is known as the "confusion zone." When the tests are completed, the 100 employees with confusion zones closest to the group median will be placed on standby duty to fill the panel jobs. Says Story: "Nose duty will not be compulsory. It won't be written into the job description."

Once chosen, the panel will go into action any time the agency receives ten complaints about a particular odor within 90 days. If the apparent polluter happens to be an industrial concern, for example, investigators will go to the olfactory—as it were—and collect air directly from the smokestack. Each of the three panelists will then be asked to sniff 20 samples—ten from the smokestack and ten consisting of fresh air. If two of the three noses correctly identify eight of both the smoke and fresh air samples—in other words, if the odor is really noticeable and objectionable—the agency will issue a citation to the violator.

What is objectionable? Agricultural and barnyard smells, as well as restaurant odors, have been exempted from regulation. So have the smells of disinfectants from hospitals and odors from single-family dwellings. Nonetheless, says Story, "it's the toughest odor control anywhere." It may just make scents.

The Last Roundup

Deep in the Darien jungle of Panama last week, a long, pink cayuco (dug-out canoe), propelled by an outboard motor, skimmed over the 150-ft.-deep waters of the newly formed lake. Spotting a floating tree trunk ahead, Tomas Perez, a Panamanian Indian, gave the

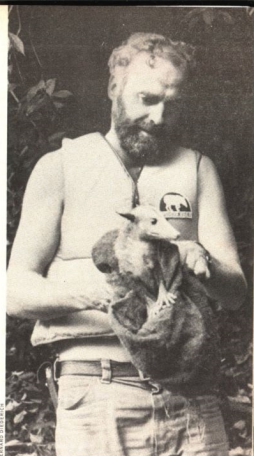
motor full throttle, then lifted the propeller out of the water. The canoe slid easily over the log, hardly disturbing its other occupants. TIME correspondent Bernard Diederich and an odd assortment of caged animals. Following closely behind were two more cayucos manned by other Panamanians and a fiberglass boat carrying the project leader, U.S. Biologist John Walsh, 35. The little flotilla was part of a project called Operation Noah II, sponsored by the London-based International Society for the Protection of Animals. Its mission: to save animals threatened with starvation or drowning as waters rise to cover a 250-sq.-mi. area of jungle behind the new Bayano River hydroelectric dam.

Sighting a kinkajou (tropical honey-bear) in a treetop rising above the water, Walsh gave the order to move in. The cayuco bumped gently against the treetop, and an ax-wielding Indian hoisted himself onto a branch to chop through the trunk. As the treetop toppled, he caught the kinkajou by the tail before it hit the water. Soon the little bear was safely ensconced in a cage in mid-canoe. A black-vested anteater was rescued next, followed by an opossum, two sloths and even a 6-ft.-long tree boa. Explains Walsh: "I don't apologize for saving snakes. I don't draw the line between what God creates."

After a six-hour stint in the stifling heat and insect-laden atmosphere of the jungle lake, the cayuco returned to one of the two Noah II base camps, a collection of palm-thatched, open-sided huts at the top of a hill that is still 200 ft. above the surface of the rising water. There the caged animals were placed in the shade and fed bananas. Then, late in the afternoon, Walsh and his helpers loaded the cages into boats and cruised up one of the more than 30 rivers that feed into the Bayano Dam reservoir. Far upstream in what he called an "ecologically secure area," he released them, taking care, for example, to place a two-toed sloth safely on a low-hanging branch of a tree.

Overpopulation. Ironically, Noah II has come under fire from conservation groups; they argue that taking animals from one area of jungle and placing them in another disturbs the ecological balance, creating overpopulation of some species that leads to starvation and unnatural stresses. To avoid upsetting the balance, Walsh has invited experts into surrounding jungle areas, asking their advice about the numbers of various species that each locale can reasonably support. "Overpopulation has been my greatest concern," he says. "That is the only criticism someone can have of a project such as this. I'm really sensitive about it."

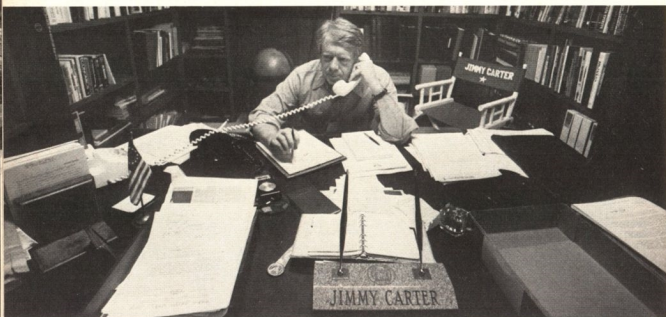
All told, Walsh, with his coterie of 20 Indians and fleet of eight cayucos,



WALSH & OPOSSUM
In rising waters.

has already saved more than 800 animals since arriving on the scene last December. As the waters rise farther to their eventual depth of more than 200 ft., Noah II will concentrate on rounding up bigger animals—jaguars, cougars, ocelots and tapirs—that have so far managed to survive by making their way to higher ridges. To avoid danger in taking the big cats, Walsh will use tranquilizer guns.

Walsh has devoted most of his adult life to saving and protecting animals. He took part in "Operation Gwamba," which in 1964 rescued some 10,000 animals from the reservoir area of a new dam in Surinam, worked to curtail the slaughter of baby seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, set up feeding programs for starving huskies near the Arctic Circle and aided animals that survived an earthquake in Peru, floods in Italy and a hurricane in Honduras. But Noah II, which is scheduled to last until Christmas time, is in financial trouble. Letters to nearly a thousand top U.S. corporations asking for contributions have produced little cash, and the \$40,000 that has been spent to date on Noah II has come, according to Walsh, largely from quarters and dollars sent by schoolchildren. "Perhaps the United Nations should take over this sort of work," he says sadly. "For us, it is the last such roundup."



FRONT-RUNNING CANDIDATE DOING ECONOMIC HOMEWORK IN DEN OF HIS HOME IN PLAINS, GEORGIA

KODAK ADAMS

POLICY

Carter's Stand: Democratic Orthodoxy

In at least one all-important area, the accusation of fuzziness that has dogged Jimmy Carter throughout his 18-month campaign cannot fairly be sustained. In a stream of speeches, position papers and interviews, the Democratic front runner has expounded his ideas on all of the major, and some of the minor, questions of economic policy: jobs, prices, taxes, energy, even regulation of the trucking industry. No one who pays attention can miss his general drift: Carter is a mainstream Democrat, who offers primarily an updated version of the economic policies of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. His keynote: a major effort to reduce unemployment, principally by Government stimulation of the private economy.

Oddly, Carter's economic views have never received the attention they deserve—mostly, no doubt, because until very recently the campaign spotlight focused on delegate counts. Also, Carter has voiced his ideas in a characteristically bland tone: no purple rhetoric, no sweeping simplifications, no attempt to jam complex proposals into catchy headlines. That low-key approach so far has defused possible controversy even over some striking proposals. For example, Carter advocates taxing capital gains, such as profits on the sale of stock or real estate, as heavily as income from

wages and salaries (capital gains now are usually taxed at half the ordinary-income rate). That idea created an uproar when George McGovern voiced it in 1972, but this time around, coming from Carter, it has gone almost unnoticed.

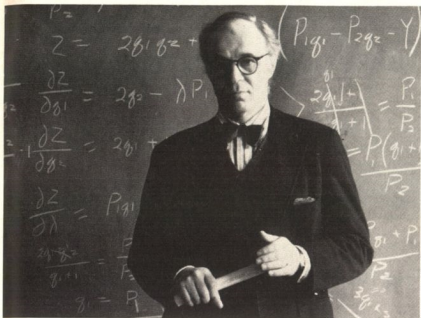
Now that he seemingly has the nomination locked up, Carter's economic program undoubtedly will come in for closer scrutiny, and he will be under pressure to amplify it. But there is little chance that the program will change substantially. With minor exceptions, Carter has been quite consistent in his economic pronouncements, and he pledges that as President he would follow steady, predictable policies, avoiding the sudden lurches—from a free market to wage-price controls and back again—of the Republican years. His major views:

JOB. Carter's overriding objective is to cut the unemployment rate, now 7.3%, to 4.5% (3% for "adults") as rapidly as possible. To do so, he would rely principally on those most orthodox tools of Democratic policy: higher Government spending, temporarily larger budget deficits and an effort to persuade the Federal Reserve Board to increase the nation's money supply more rapidly. He also proposes a variety of Government inducements to private industry to step up hiring, including more money for on-

the-job training programs and research assistance to develop promising technologies such as solar energy. Another Carter recommendation: an intriguing plan under which a company that would ordinarily lay off, say, 10% of its employees would instead keep all of them on the payroll for a shorter week—and the Government would share the extra cost.

Carter further would have the Government itself hire some people for public-service jobs—presumably meaning work in parks, drug-rehabilitation clinics and the like—and launch a program to create 800,000 summer jobs for youths. But he flatly opposes the idea that the Government should guarantee everyone a job through hiring for public-service employment. Though Carter has endorsed the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill, which calls for just such Government hiring, it is a ritualistic blessing only. Says his chief economic adviser, Lawrence R. Klein: "This bill could become an albatross. But no bill goes through Congress without amendments, and I can envision ten amendments that would make this a good bill."

PRICES. Carter believes that the inflation rate over the long run can be pushed down to about 3% a year, even as unemployment also declines. Pumping out more money to create jobs will not speed up inflation, he says, "because



ADVISER KLEIN TEACHING ECONOMICS AT WHARTON SCHOOL IN PHILADELPHIA

our economy is presently performing so far under capacity." The double-digit inflation of 1973-74, he says, was caused largely by a series of shocks that are not likely to be repeated: the quintupling of oil prices that followed the Arab embargo, frantic worldwide bidding for scarce commodities, two devaluations of the dollar.

Nonetheless, Carter's advisers do worry that inflation will speed up again as unemployment falls below 5%. To keep prices down, Carter advocates a hatful of standard Democratic remedies: some undefined programs to improve labor productivity and the abolition of Government regulatory restrictions that keep prices high, such as a present rule that forces many trucks to return from hauls empty. Finally, Carter says he will ask for standby authority to impose wage-price controls, but thinks he will "never" have to use it. Instead he proposes that the Government "effectively monitor excessive price and wage increases in specific sectors of the economy"—apparently implying a type of jawboning exhortation familiar from the Kennedy and Johnson years.

TAXES. In one of his few flights of angry rhetoric, Carter calls the present loophole-ridden federal tax code "a disgrace to the human race." He pledges to recommend a total overhaul, scrapping scores of deductions and exemptions in return for generally lower rates.

To work out the details of a tax overhaul, Carter says, will take a full year after he enters the White House. But he has given some startling glimpses of spe-

cifics. He once mentioned the deduction for interest on home mortgages as one that he might recommend dropping, though he lately has shied away from the subject. And he believes it is unfair to tax corporate profits and then tax the dividends paid out of those profits—so he would either knock out all taxes on dividend income or stop taxing the portion of corporate profits that is paid out in dividends to shareholders.

ENERGY. At this point, Carter has no comprehensive energy program, but offers a batch of specifics. If the Arab countries declare a new embargo, he says, he as President "would consider this an economic declaration of war and would respond quickly with a boycott against them"—presumably of food and industrial goods. Otherwise, he believes the U.S. should adopt strict conservation measures, including mandatory fuel-economy standards for cars and better insulation of homes, and shift as quickly as possible toward using more coal. Possibly, he thinks, the Government should offer some kind of inducement to industry to burn more of it.

On the hottest energy issue of the moment—the drive by many of his fellow Democrats to break up the big oil companies—Carter takes a cautious approach. He would "probably" split off gas-station chains, and possibly wholesale-distribution terminals as well, from the oil giants. He also is inclined to favor forcing oil companies to get out and stay out of other fuels, such as coal and uranium. But he would not divorce oil exploration, production, refining and

transportation, as a bill now going to the Senate floor would do (see following story).

BUDGET. Despite his advocacy of higher spending at the outset of his presidency, Carter insists he could balance the budget by 1980. One reason is that tax collections would shoot up as the economy expanded. Also, Carter is counting on major cost savings from his much-touted plans to overhaul the federal bureaucracy. Long range, Carter's goal is to balance the budget "over the business cycle"—that is, produce surpluses in boom years large enough to offset the deficits incurred in years when the Government must pump out money to pep up the economy.

MONEY SUPPLY. Carter believes that the Federal Reserve has been too stingy in doling out money. To give himself and future Presidents more influence over the independent Fed, Carter proposes that each President be empowered to appoint a chairman who would serve a term that coincided with the President's own. Under present law, Fed chairmen are appointed for four years, but the term can overlap Administrations. The incumbent, Arthur Burns, was reappointed early in 1974 and would run the Fed through the first year of a Carter presidency.

MISCELLANEOUS. To get more housing built, Carter would have the Government subsidize mortgage interest rates lower than those now charged by private lenders. He would raise the wage base on which Social Security taxes are levied—they are now collected from the first \$15,300 of a worker's income—but not the tax rate. Importantly, he opposes any loosening of antipollution laws, even to get more coal burned. In general, he sees no conflict between protecting the environment and promoting a rapid expansion of the economy—but if he did, he says, he would come down in favor of the environment every time.

These views are open to attack. Republicans are sure to charge that Carter gives too low a priority to holding down inflation—indeed, that his job program would set off price rises that his anti-inflation measures would be inadequate to contain. Pumping up Government spending immediately, and then swinging to a balanced budget by 1980, are two goals that, to put it mildly, will be exceedingly difficult to reconcile.

On the whole, though, Carter's economic policies are carefully thought out. He has been about as specific in explaining them as presidential candidates commonly get—and he has outlined a potential program that cannot possibly be confused with the ideas of President Ford or Ronald Reagan. On economics, at least, the choice in the fall should be quite clear.



DRILLING SHIP SINKING A DEEP-WATER WELL OFF THE LOUISIANA COAST

OIL

Raising the Chopping Block

Huge, rich and efficient, the U.S. oil industry has long occupied an ambiguous place in American life. Its dazzling feats of technology in supplying the nation's voracious demand for energy have helped the U.S. to become the most advanced country on earth. Yet many Americans have come to view the industry with suspicion, especially since the rapid runup in oil prices that followed the 1973 Arab oil embargo. Critics contend that the major companies' total control of all aspects of their business, from wellhead to gas pump, has given the industry too much power to manipulate supplies and prices and reap excessive profits at the expense of consumers. During the past year or so, the efforts of congressional Democrats to curb the companies' clout and inject more competition into the industry has gained increasing support. Last week, in the most far-reaching move yet, the Senate Judiciary Committee, by a vote of 8 to 7, sent to the full Senate a bill requiring the breakup of the 18 largest oil corporations.*

The measure, which is not expected to reach the Senate floor for debate until after the Democratic National Convention next month, is given little chance of enactment this year. Yet the committee's action adds fuel to what has become a bitterly fought ideological, economic and political issue that is certain to spill over into the presidential campaign. Says Senator Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana and the bill's chief sponsor: "If there is one symbol of the

Establishment ripping off the people, it is the oil companies." The companies, which have suffered a series of blows in recent years, including nationalization of many of the foreign oilfields they developed, have pulled out all stops in a multimillion-dollar lobbying campaign to defeat the bill. In the view of American Petroleum Institute Vice President Charles DiBona, "There couldn't be a worse time to even be considering this economic tomfoolery."

The Breakup. Specifically, the legislation would give the Federal Trade Commission authority to supervise the breakup. The companies, which now produce, refine, transport and market their oil, would have 18 months to determine what operations to jettison, and five years to sell them off. A company could become an exploring and producing firm exclusively or a refiner-marketer. Though refining firms would be permitted to keep their service stations and other marketing facilities, they could not buy more. Companies that decided to become either producers or refiner-marketers would have to spin off their pipelines. To handle the lawsuits that would arise from the sale of some operations and the establishment of new companies, a Temporary Petroleum Industry Divestiture Court would be established with powers equal to those of a federal district court.

The bill faces formidable legislative hurdles. Indeed, three Senators who voted to send the measure to the floor, Democratic Whip Robert Byrd of West Virginia, Minority Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and Republican Charles Mathias of Maryland, are avowed opponents of divestiture. They merely wanted to bring the issue up for a full-scale debate in the Senate, which last

October rejected a similar proposal by a surprisingly close vote of 54 to 45. The bill's fate is also uncertain in the House, which has not yet even held committee hearings on the matter.

If legislation passes both houses, it faces a veto from President Ford, who opposes the bill. Jimmy Carter, the front-running Democratic presidential candidate, has also come out against a thoroughgoing breakup of major oil firms—though whether as President he would thumb down such a proposal is open to question. On the other hand, Carter would favor getting the oil companies out of other energy fields, such as coal, uranium and solar power.

Supporters of the Bayh bill, which include labor unions and consumer and environmental groups, argue that putting the giant firms on the chopping block would open the market to greater competition, end price discrimination by the majors against independent marketers and ultimately result in cheaper petroleum products. More important, they insist that splitting up the industry would stiffen its approach to oil-producing countries, which have quintupled the price of crude in recent years. A fully integrated company, the critics say, has a vested interest in playing ball with the producers, while a marketing and refining firm without producing interests would haggle more vigorously for lower prices.

Glutted Market. The oil companies, backed by the Administration, contend that they are competitive and point out, correctly, that there is far less concentration of market power in oil than in autos, steel, aluminum and other fields. A Treasury Department study released last week asserts that divestiture would hamper the industry's efficiency, lessen exploration and development of new wells, increase the nation's dependence on costly foreign oil and drive up prices. Oilmen agree that if more companies were bidding vigorously for Middle East oil, prices might drop somewhat—if there was a glutted market. But that system could work both ways. In a tight market, more companies bidding could kick up prices faster, as some smaller independents did in 1974.

For all the arguments on both sides, it is impossible to predict with any accuracy what would happen to the price and supply of oil if major companies were dismantled. Even with divestiture, some companies would be giants; as far as accounting figures can be interpreted, just Exxon's refining and marketing operation would make it the second largest corporation in the world behind General Motors. Oil Economist Morris Adelman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology sees no great loss or gain from breaking up the oil companies and thinks the effort is a "waste of time." Yet the issue will probably continue to flare, especially if the Democrats gain both the Congress and the White House in November.

*Exxon, Texaco, Mobil Oil, Standard Oil of California, Gulf Oil, Standard Oil (Ind.), Shell Oil, Atlantic Richfield, Continental Oil, Phillips Petroleum, Union Oil of California, Sun Oil, Ashland Oil, Cities Service, Amerasia Hess, Getty Oil, Marathon Oil, Standard Oil (Ohio).

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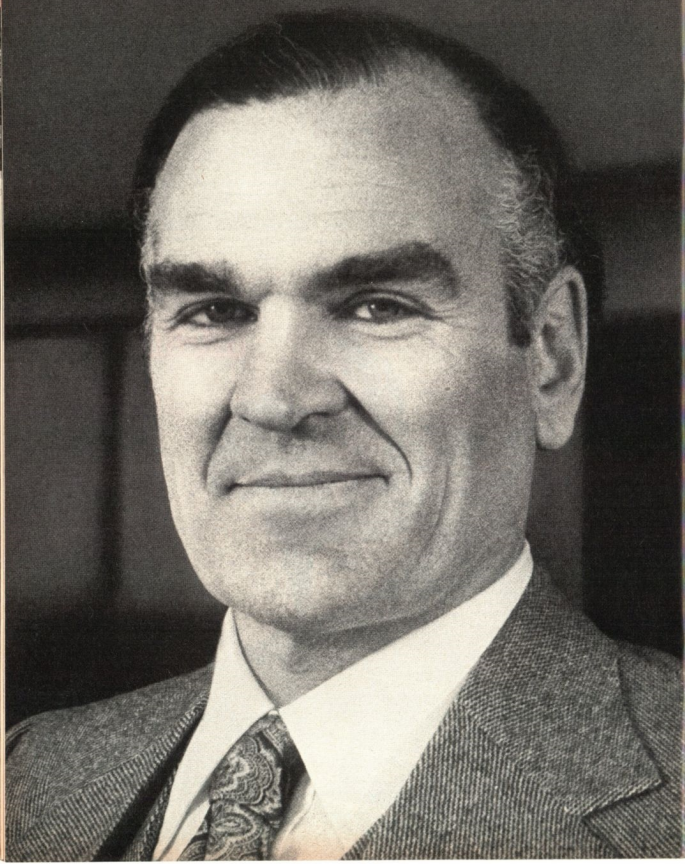
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MONEY

Hard U.S. Line for the Summit

A world monetary system based on floating exchange rates, so dear to the hearts of the Ford Administration's top economic and monetary officials, is giving them fits. Instead of smoothing adjustments in currency values, on occasion the market-based system is making them more erratic, and that is not the way it was supposed to work. Concerned by this unexpected twist, and by the fundamental international economic problems that lie behind it, U.S. officials decided it was time for a rerun of last fall's six-nation summit meeting at Château de Rambouillet.

Next weekend in Puerto Rico, the

self essentially into two groups: the U.S., Germany, Switzerland and perhaps Japan, with strong, healthy economies characterized by relatively low inflation and currencies rising in value, and the Italys and Britains of the world, with their high inflation, weak economies, and depreciating currencies that worsen inflation by making imports more costly. In fact, the most recent forecasts by the staff of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris suggest that such a division may be coming. The Administration would like to head it off by encouraging the nations with more serious inflation prob-

lems from the U.S. and 21 other nations who convened last week in San Francisco for the annual meeting of the American Bankers Association's International Monetary Conference. No one seemed to expect much from the summit, but most thought it a good idea. Everyone seemed to have the same thing on his mind: Inflation is the long-run danger. "You can't escape the reality of an interdependent world through floating exchange rates," said Paul Volcker, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Reasonable monetary stability is possible only with basic stability in domestic economic policies, he said, "and control of inflation is the *sine qua non*."

Inflationary Pressures. Just what are the prospects for containing inflation on a worldwide basis, whatever car-

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY JACK DAVIS



Japan's Miki, Italy's Moro, Ford, West Germany's Schmidt, Britain's Callaghan, France's Giscard, and Canada's Trudeau.

heads of state of six other major industrial nations—an insistent Canada was invited along with Germany, France, Britain, Italy and Japan—will gather at President Ford's request. The potential domestic political benefit of summity in his struggle for the Republican presidential nomination has hardly escaped Ford. That, and the Italian elections, probably account for the timing. Whatever the motivation, there is no shortage of real-life problems crying for attention: the economic woes of Britain and Italy and their sagging currencies, the fragmented approach of the industrial nations to their economic negotiations with the developing world and, above all, how to manage the worldwide recovery in order to avoid a new surge of inflation.

Need For Cooperation. No ringing declarations, no grand schemes for promoting international economic stability will probably emerge from the meeting. As after Rambouillet, the communiqué will undoubtedly stress the need for cooperation among the nations and promise that it will be forthcoming. But the major American purpose at the economic summit will be to set some hard terms for that cooperation.

U.S. officials are worried that the industrial world may be about to divide it-

lems to adopt the policies necessary to slow down soaring prices.

At Puerto Rico, Ford will be using a carrot and stick. The carrot will be the promise of the sort of support that led the U.S. to make available \$2 billion of the \$5.3 billion line of credit extended to Britain this month to help prop up the sagging pound, which has so far been successful. The stick will be the clear understanding that such financial support will be forthcoming for governments only on condition that they act swiftly to put their domestic economic houses in order.

"The industrial nations are moving from recession to recovery and on to expansion," says Gerald Parsky, Treasury Assistant Secretary for International Affairs. "We have got to prevent re-igniting inflation in the process. Recovery without inflation can only come if we increase our cooperative efforts." But Parsky warns, "Policy in one country cannot serve as policy in another country." Translation: In the U.S. view, the strong nations must not extend financial assistance to weaker ones that do not have the political will necessary to bring inflation under control.

The summit meeting, and these issues, were very much on the minds of the 200 or so public and private bank-

ers and sticks may be used? Few of the bankers were optimistic. Franz Ulrich, chairman of the Deutsche Bank A.G. of Düsseldorf, pointed to a 16% rise in world commodity prices from last year's lows as a portent of things to come. Irving Friedman, Senior Vice President of Citibank, argued that modern inflation has been high and persistent because of fundamental changes in societies around the world, which have increased the demand for goods and services far beyond the ability of the world economy to supply. Governments, Friedman said, have tried to accommodate that demand and in the process have generated further inflation.

Alexandre Lanfalussy, economic adviser for the Bank for International Settlements, sounded only a slightly more optimistic note. "There is a growing awareness that inflation is unacceptable," and that a wide range of policies is needed to deal with it, Lanfalussy said. "The main problem will be a political one: Is there a sufficient social consensus in our democratic society to carry out these policies without major political upheaval?"

The Puerto Rico summit meeting will give no definitive answer to Lanfalussy's question, but it could provide a small push in the right direction.

CORPORATIONS

Letter from the East

As a television sponsor, Xerox Corp. has made an exemplary name for itself through its support of such admirable programs as Alistair Cooke's *America* and Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation*. Last winter Xerox decided that nothing would be more natural than to copy the process. It sponsored "the first Xerox special in print"—Pulitzer prize-winner Harrison E. Salisbury's *Travels through America*, a 23-page personal essay that appeared in the February issue of *Esquire*, sandwiched between two low-key Xerox ads that explained the innovation. Last week the first Xerox special somewhat embarrassingly turned out to be the last, and all because the company ran up against a reader on Allen Cove in Maine.

The reader who took on the sponsor was not exactly run-of-the-mill. He was E. B. White, who was long the master of *The New Yorker's* Notes and Comment column. At 76, White no longer writes very much, but he can still work up a dander when he spies a fox lurking in the thicket. When he first heard about Xerox's plans to sponsor the Salisbury article, he let fly a letter to the nearby Ellsworth *American*. "This, it would seem to me, is not only a new idea in publishing," wrote White, "it charts a clear course for the erosion of the free press in America."

White did not doubt that Salisbury's *Travels* were paved with good intentions. Xerox first broached the idea to *Esquire* of underwriting a substantial article because, says Xerox Vice President David J. Curtin, "We felt we'd like to help a magazine do something special, which might be tough for them to do on their own." *Esquire* chose both the subject and the writer, and Xerox approved the selection. Under the terms of the sponsorship agreement, Xerox

AUTHOR E. B. WHITE

paid Salisbury a handsome \$40,000 for the six months' work he put into the essay, as well as \$15,000 in expenses; in addition, the company took out \$115,000 worth of ads.

There was also an important codicil: Xerox would have no editorial control over the essay. If the company had disapproved of it, *Esquire* would have been free to publish it anyway—and keep the money. Says Salisbury: "I saw no ethical impediments to doing the piece. After all, big corporations like Xerox and Texaco commission operas and other cultural enterprises. Meanwhile, the poor magazines have been dwindling away over the years, and along with them the employment of writers." For its part, *Esquire* was equally unfazed by the unusual arrangement.

Inviting Evil. Still, after the Salisbury article appeared, Xerox was sufficiently troubled by White's cavil that it asked him to elaborate on the dangers he saw in such sponsorship. The company was rewarded with a classical delineation of the reasons that might well have given pause to everyone involved. When a large corporation or rich individual underwrites a magazine article, replied White, the ownership of the magazine is diminished: "It was as though *Esquire* had gone on relief, was accepting its first welfare payment, and was not its own man any more... Buying and selling space in the news columns could become a serious disease of the press. If it reached epidemic proportions, it could destroy the press. I don't want IBM or the National Rifle Association providing me with a spectacular when I open my paper; I want to read what the editor and publisher have managed to dig up on their own—and paid for out of the till." Concluded White: "The funded article is not in itself evil, but it is the beginning of evil, and it is an invitation to evil."

There are times when a hard man is good to find—and Xerox, to its cred-

it, recognized that this was one of them. On reflection, the company bowed to White's strictures and canceled two other Salisbury-type projects. Said Xerox's Curtin: "I feel warm inside because big old Xerox had the grace to listen to a great man of letters." The Ellsworth *American*, please copy.

SCANDALS

The Double Damn

In the wake of the Lockheed and Gulf Oil scandals, there has been a growing outcry in Washington for a new law that would prohibit U.S. corporations from engaging in bribery and political payoffs abroad. In the Senate, Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire has introduced a bill that would make it a crime, under U.S. law, for American companies to engage in such activities in foreign countries whose own laws forbid political payoff and bribery. Last week the Ford Administration presented the outlines of the antibribery bill that it intends to present to Congress soon.

At a Washington press conference, Secretary of Commerce Elliot Richardson, who headed the Administration's task force on questionable corporate payments abroad, objected that Proxmire's bill was unworkable. Said he: "If you make it illegal to commit acts that occur in another country, you create problems of investigation and enforcement." The Administration's proposal, by contrast, seeks to apply penalties only where they could be made to stick. In effect, the bill consists of two catches that exemplify the old cliché, "Damned if you do and damned if you don't."

CATCH 1: U.S. corporations operating abroad would be required to report to the Federal Government any sizable payments that were intended "directly or indirectly to influence the conduct of foreign governments." The exact reporting method has not yet been worked out. By confessing its misdeeds, the U.S. corporation would gain immunity from prosecution at home. However, the U.S. State Department would be authorized to forward the company's admission to the concerned country, which could then use the confession as grounds for prosecution under its own laws.

CATCH 2: If the U.S. company does engage in payoffs abroad and its misdeeds are uncovered, then it would face prosecution in the U.S. for failure to disclose its illegal behavior.

Senator Proxmire immediately labeled the White House plan "a bureaucratic cop-out" and declared his intention to press ahead with his own bill. In reality, both approaches have grave flaws. As Richardson pointed out, Proxmire's legislation is probably unenforceable. The White House approach, on the other hand, suffers the weakness of expecting companies to report their own misdeeds.

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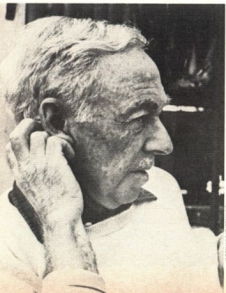
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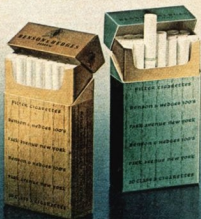
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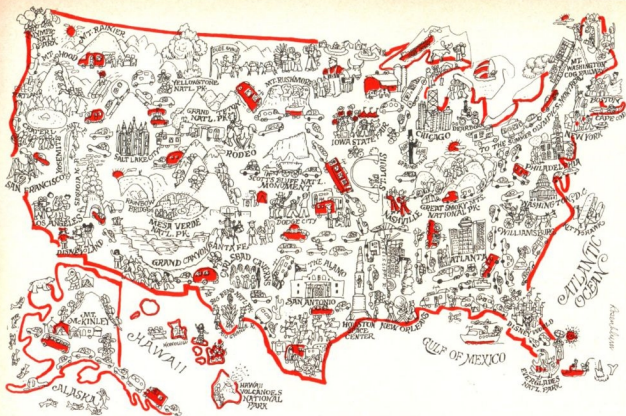
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MODERN LIVING

Travel '76

Rediscovering America

Everybody travels in the States. The railways and the hotels have between them so churned up the people that an untravelled man or woman is a rare animal.

—Anthony Trollope, *North America* (1861)

We're having trouble finding a bathroom here in Santa Fe.
—Tourist Mark Mulligan (1976)

Not much has changed in the U.S. during the 115 years that have intervened between the voyages of England's Trollope and Spokane's Mulligan. Americans are still insatiable travelers; it is still hard to find a bathroom in Santa Fe—or just about anywhere else during the travel season. According to a benumbed corps of travel statisticians, more than 99 million Americans—nearly half of the nation—will be taking vacations this year in the U.S. The country cannot accommodate any more tourists than that because, for one thing, there will be an additional 18 million foreigners charging across the U.S. (in exchange for some 23 million Americans who are going abroad). There is also not enough fender room left on the highways. In any case, the remaining 98 million of the nation's population have to stay behind to serve the tourists at motels, souvenir shops, trailer camps and gasoline pumps, not to mention the necessity of maintaining a standing U.S. Army and more than 3,800 way stations of the McDonald hamburger chain.

Clearly this massive and frenetic movement of humanity spells havoc for the summer. On the highways, in the depths of the national parks, in the roadside inns and amusement parks,

in the still of the night, 10 million kids are going to upchuck their french fries, 5 million more will smear their cones into Daddy's nose while he is driving, numerous unruly teen-agers will get themselves bitten in the behind by surly bears gone berserk amid the frenzy of Yosemite, dozens of tennis foursomes will never speak to one another again, hundreds of budding romances will expire into a heap, mothers-in-law will weep, the divorce rate will leap, and in the end, home will never look so good.

We entered [the White House] and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered ... on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely ... The greater portion of this assemblage ... had no particular business there, that anybody knew of. A few were closely eyeing the movables, as if to make quite sure that President [John Tyler], who was far from popular, had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit.

—Charles Dickens, *American Notes* (1842)

For all the dubious joys, travelers this year will spend something like \$61 billion, most of it, no doubt, on camera film and disposable diapers. But few will regret the cost, for Bicentennial 1976 is truly a glorious season in which to rediscover the U.S.A. The most popular target is Washington, D.C., which has never looked prettier or offered so much (see box next page). Normally the capital receives about 14 million visitors annually; this year 17 million are expected, and already 10,000 tourists are trooping through the White House every day, eyeing the movables. For sheer spectacle, nothing will compete with the Smithsonian Institution's 35 acres of displays, housed in eleven separate buildings. All told, some 100,000 people a day are streaming into the Smithsonian, whose exhibits encompass every imaginable American artifact that can be assembled under eleven roofs.

There are fashions and furniture and banana plants; sailing ships and pickled fish; a collection of 360 tuning forks. George



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS ON THE DES PLAINES RIVER NEAR CHICAGO



A CONGREGATION OF VACATION CAMPERS NEAR TUBA CITY, ARIZ.

Washington's mess kit; and Abe Lincoln's patented but absolutely unworkable invention, designed to buoy vessels over shoals. The star attraction is the Smithsonian's new Air and Space Museum, which covers the flying gamut from the Wright Brothers' fragile early bird to the Apollo-Soyuz space vehicle and a new "Albert Einstein Spacearium" (Washington's first planetarium), a gift to the U.S. from the people of West Germany. For tourists who are surfeited with sights, there will be plenty of sounds: the La Scala Opera, Elvis Presley, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Rock Hudson. (Yes, Rock Hudson, in the stage version of Stephen Vincent Benét's poem, *John Brown's Body*.)

Upon this Sunday morning, [in Boston], the air was so clear, the houses were so bright and gay; the signboards were painted in such gaudy colors; the gilded letters were so very golden; the bricks were so very red, the stone was so very white, the blinds and area railings were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors so marvellously bright and twinkling; and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance—that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime.

—Dickens, *American Notes*

The bricks are no longer so very red nor the stone so very white, but Boston is one of the nation's best B's. Faneuil Hall marketplace is jammed with tourists harking to the call of vendors selling broccoli, squash, limes, peanuts and lobsters. The city fathers have decked out some of Boston's sons in Revolutionary costumes and sent them roaming through the streets fifing and drumming. Paul Revere's house has lines of customers, a reproduction of the Boston Tea Party ship *Beaver* is fairly listing with visitors, and the Old North Church stands waiting for lights in the window. (One if by Land Rover, two if by CB.)

Multimedia shows are telling the world about olden times—Ben Franklin, the Salem witch trials; and newer times—exhibits of Bill Russell's basketball jersey, Julia Child's very own wire whisk.

Perhaps most fascinating of all is the questionnaire given visitors at one of the exhibits. They are asked to vote by ballot on four controversial Revolutionary issues: the Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre Trials, the Tea Party and the British siege of the city. The ballots are fed into a computer, which so far has indicated that 27% of those questioned would be Tories and 47% patriots; the rest are undecided, that burgeoning American type.

A Capital Trip

To some Americans, Washington, D.C., is simply a dateline center of power, politics—and, lately, peccadillo. Yet it stirs a sense of pride in most people; it is the only city in the country that belongs to everyone, and to see it, to wander among its monuments and enjoy its green vistas is to receive the palpable touch of nationhood. Last week TIME Correspondent Bonnie Angelo roamed the city on a pilgrimage of rediscovery and sent this report:

In this Bicentennial year, Washington has flowered into something far beyond its old self—into the city that Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant envisioned at his drawing board in 1791.

The fixed points on the tourist compass are, traditionally, the Capitol and the White House. One can stand at the White House fence and wave to Henry Kissinger or visiting potentates as they come and go; one can jump aboard a Senate subway car with lawmakers whose faces will be on the evening news. Last week the Capitol was unveiling a

major new restoration—the old Senate chamber has been returned to its 19th century splendor, replete with red plush benches and coffered half-dome ceiling—just as it was when it rang with the debates of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun.

At the White House, this year's innovation is mercifully practical: gone are the weary hours spent waiting in line to enter the Executive Mansion. Now tourists are given time slips, and can then rest tired feet in a red-and-white striped tent on the adjacent Ellipse.

The most exciting flowering of Washington is at its Bicentennial best on the Mall, the vast greensward that sweeps from the new reflecting pool at the foot of Capitol Hill to the landmark pool stretching from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial. Nowhere in the world is there an equal to the burgeoning cluster of the Smithsonian Institution's showcases that now flank the Mall. In late 1974 the Hirshhorn Museum of Sculpture opened to great fanfare; on July 1 the huge new

National Air and Space Museum will open, encompassing the history and artifacts of flight within its walls; next comes the new annex of the National Gallery of Art, an architectural jewel that will open in stages over the next two years beginning July 4.

For this Bicentennial season, the museums and galleries of Washington offer a feast of exhibitions—not mere displays in glass cases or pictures on walls but presentations that stir the imagination, transport us in time, evoke faded memories, envelop us in motion, sounds, even smells.

At the Lincoln end of the Mall, past and present come alive in the American folk-life festival, a recent tradition expanded this year to run throughout the summer. More than 5,000 musicians and craftsmen from all parts of the nation and 36 other countries will fill the place with the music, dance, food and arts that enrich the American mosaic. Directly across the reflecting pool (watch out for canoe races) is another new feature: the sprawling Constitution Gardens—a graceful lake, paths and more than 2,600 trees—replacing the ugly "temporary" buildings that have blighted Constitution Avenue



TOURISTS AT VANDERBILT MANSION IN NEWPORT, R.I.



RANGER LECTURES AT MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLO.

I went through New York to Philadelphia and made a short visit to the latter town . . . Philadelphians are not in these latter days any better than their neighbours. I am not sure whether in some respects they may not perhaps be worse.

—Trollope, *North America*

They were making wisecracks about Philadelphia even before Trollope, but there has been no evidence that tourists to the city this year have been disappointed. To begin with, Philadelphia is not closed, and in fact has huge traffic jams to prove it. So far this year, more than 1.5 million people have seen the No. 1 Bicentennial attraction, the Liberty Bell, which has been moved from its traditional place inside Independence Hall to a site opposite on Independence Mall. A surprising number of tourists are astonished to learn that the bell does not ring, but they get to touch it, exclaim over its famous crack and listen to a lecture that tells its history.

Philadelphia has spent considerable millions of dollars for displays, tours and a variety of cultural activities, with the expectation that all those millions of tourists out there will stop by. So far, Bicentennial officials, who had anticipated great mul-

titudes of customers, have confessed to some disappointment over what they consider a poor showing. But the party is still young. Meanwhile, some 211,190 local citizens are having a celebration of their own: they have signed a petition for the recall of their mayor, Frank Rizzo. It is not yet apparent whether this event will serve to attract more tourists.

Sometimes we lolled on the sand [at Lake Tahoe] and smoked pipes, and read some old well-worn novels. At night, by the campfire, we played euchre and seven-up to strengthen the mind—and played them with cards so greasy and defaced that only a whole summer's acquaintance with them could enable the student to tell the ace of clubs from the jack of diamonds.

—Mark Twain, *Roughing It* (1872)

Actually, Philadelphia is not the only major city to find that it has overestimated the Bicentennial trade. Washington and Boston, despite record numbers of visitors, report they still have an abundance of unbooked hotel rooms. How can this be so in the year of the traveler? The answer is that the Bicentennial is only a minor lure after all. People are going places—many in order

since the days of World War I.

As the summer heat lays siege to Washington, the people fight back. Tourists shuck their shoes to cool their feet in the scores of splashing fountains; kids wade in the reflecting pools. Nor is it only the tourists who cast off shoes and dignity to enjoy the squares and triangles of green that dot the city. It is *parc du jour* for the young professional denizens of mid-city who eat their lunches among the geranium patches in a kind of civilized informality that is a special mark of the American capital.

Until five years ago, Washington could be written off as a second-rate capital, a 9-to-5 company town of no redeeming artistic merit. Then the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts was completed, and while few except the architect like the look of the building, it works. Its three theaters have been the catalyst for a cultural renaissance in Washington, and visitors by the tens of thousands swarm through the center just to see the place, its red-carpeted expanses, spectacular chandeliers and the terraces that overhang the Potomac.

Many people tend to fix their attention on the marble heart of Washington, but they should not fail to savor its soft

green edges. The serenely beautiful Potomac is neither an urban aorta like the Seine nor a pulsing expressway like the Rhine. Nor is it even a practical river; it is simply a decorative necklace at the throat of the city, embracing fearsome cascades of great falls, the untouched Theodore Roosevelt Island refuge, and romantic views that would have defied the brush of Corot. Wedged between the wide river and the city is a tamer waterway, the historic Chesapeake and Ohio Canal—surveyed by George Washington, protected by Justice William O. Douglas—a woodland walk unseen, though only a stone's throw from rush-hour traffic, and offering the passive traveler a mule-drawn barge.

There is, of course, much more: the exotic embassies, the exquisite Moslem mosque, Georgetown's antique elegance and contemporary beat, Mount Vernon with its Bicentennial sound and light drama, the lovely new rose window in the Washington cathedral, the great memorials to the makers of the nation—in short, a panoply that reflects the soul of America. Whatever the disaffection or doubts that the people may feel for their mortal politicians, this grandeur of Washington sustains hope because it has kept its promise.



MODERN LIVING

to get out of the way of the Bi crush—and want to keep moving. Their chief aim is to make vacation history of their own.

No single itinerary to see America in 1976 or any year can be drawn; even the barest mention of familiar landmarks and vistas hopelessly cramps the cartographer's art (see map). Planning a family vacation is a matter of infinite negotiations as the head of the household attempts to accommodate everyone's tastes and whims. Naturally he whims some, loses some, in an effort to schedule the Cooperstown baseball shrine, an art gallery, an antique market and a genuine prehistoric dinosaur park and rock garden all in one fractious, febrile day. Still, it might be instructive to conjure Dickens, Trollope and Twain on the road in '76, launched in their camper in the northeastern corner of the U.S. for a swift, spirited, perforce highly selective, swing through the nation. Twain, naturally, wants to drive.

The trio's odyssey might begin in Bar Harbor, Me., at the Acadia National Park, a 41,634-acre delight of mountains, sea-coast and forests. It is ideal for camping and hiking, but fellow campers warn the new arrivals that the national parks are not as pleasant as they used to be: once, one could leave his belongings untended at a campsite; now they must be locked away. "Cutpurses," observes Dickens knowingly.

They could next drive south to Newport, R.I., a Victorian throwback, once the exclusive playground of the American aristocracy. The Vanderbilt mansions are overwhelmingly beautiful; the lobster is superb. A resident proudly informs them that here "the tomato was first introduced into America." Later Twain explains to the Englishmen what a tomato is.

Down the line, a day's journey, is New York City, home of Radio City Music Hall (improbably, one of the best bargains in town) and, this year, the Democratic National Convention. Twain likes the Rockettes, but thinks the Democrats are even more improbable. At night, Central Park features Shakespeare (which Trollope finds surprisingly good) and muggings ("Cutpurses," says Dickens smugly). A most unusual event, they discover, is a relay of 27 "Liberty Torch" runners who will carry water from the Atlantic Ocean across the entire country and dump it into the Pacific. The purpose, like the water, is unclear.

Then southward, first for a stop in antebellum Charleston, where Twain insists on renting an electric boat to tour the rice-field bogs, and Savannah, Ga., with its quaint cobblestone streets and a gracious populace that calls outsiders "visitors," not "tourists." In New Orleans they stroll through the somewhat scruffy but genteel French Quarter (prostitutes will stare from their wrought-iron balconies). Again, at Twain's insistence, they pause at a Dixieland jazz joint and later dine aboard one of the Mississippi steamboats.

Next stop is Lincoln country, Springfield, Ill. Traffic is stilled

MAKING SNAPSHOTS AT MOUNT VERNON, VA.



at night and street lights extinguished, and a sound and light show dramatizes Lincoln's "House Divided" speech. Not far away, in the woods along the Sangamon River, the travelers visit Rutledge Tavern, where Lincoln paid only 15¢ for his meals. "You can't get a Baskin and Robbins for that today," snorts Twain. "What," inquires Trollope, "are a Baskin and Robbins?"

After traversing the Iowa plains, they come to Rapid City, S. Dak., gateway to one of the nation's most remarkable monuments—Mount Rushmore's great granite faces of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. A local menu offers buffalo burgers, which are indifferently appreciated until they see a herd of live buffalo in Custer State Park. Tour Guide Twain also takes his friends to Deadwood, the old cowboy town where Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane did things together that went unrecorded in children's schoolbooks. The main street is largely a series of tourist traps, but the three are intrigued by a helicopter lifting felled trees out of a nearby forest.

Turning southwest, they cross the Continental Divide, push past gaudy Las Vegas and climb the Sierra Nevada, pausing at Donner Pass. Here, explains Twain, whose lecturing is becoming a mild irritant, a wagon train, led by George and Jacob Donner in the winter of 1846-47, became trapped in a fierce snowstorm. Several members of the party died, whereupon the survivors proceeded to cannibalize the dead. Twain, having now discovered the credit-card culture, suggests that this event gave rise to the Donner's Club. Trollope is puzzled. "Is that like Carte Blanche?" Dickens, who has been dozing, starts. "No!" he cackles. "Cartepurses!"

Moving right along, the group drives to California's Yosemite National Park, resplendent with great waterfalls, the sheer granite face of El Capitan, the sublime giant sequoias, the teeming thousands of campers, hikers and rock climbers. Refreshed, they turn toward Los Angeles and captivating Disneyland. Trollope is incredulous; Dickens is amused.

Twain is neither. He is impatient to visit the region where he lived and labored a century ago. The travelers drive north along the wild California coast at Big Sur and into San Francisco—charmingly provincial still, studiously cosmopolitan. Even Twain is impressed with that great sculpture in steel, the Golden Gate Bridge. People, he is told, come from miles around just to jump from it, but these visitors prefer to enjoy the scene from the hills immediately northwest of the span.

Then they take the coastal highway north again along the savage shore, turning off at Oregon's Siskiyou National Forest to see the aptly named Rogue River, where the salmon in spring and fall fairly beg to be caught. On they drive, through the state of Washington, into Canada, where they pick up the Alaska highway that takes them to America's true last frontier. Not far from Anchorage, they get out and walk on Portage Glacier. Later they fly to Mount McKinley National Park, where they learn that 100 hardy souls are threatening this season to assault the 20,320-ft. McKinley. The travelers are not so incriminated, preferring instead to discover their atavistic selves by hiking for a day into the bush, or flying across the icy, prehistoric wilderness to northernmost Barrow. Soon, they will pick up their camper at Fairbanks and take the long road back across the country.

There are an infinite number of permutations to a trip of this sort. Indeed, what attracts travelers in the U.S. is the country's immense riches, its diversity in geography and regional culture. When Trollope wrote that "everybody travels in the States," he was discovering something more profound than mere wanderlust. The scale of America is part of its genius, a shaper of its history as much as the men and women who settled it, as much a part of its character as those who now inhabit it.

More recently another author, John Steinbeck, recorded his own view of American travel. "Once a journey is designed, equipped and put in process," he wrote in *Travels with Charley*, "a new factor enters and takes over. A trip, a safari, an exploration, is an entity, different from all other journeys. It has personality, temperament, individuality, uniqueness. A journey is a person in itself; no two are alike... We find after years of struggle that we do not take a trip; a trip takes us." So it will surely prove in '76, as an America on the move rediscovers itself.

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by LEO ROSTEN

361 pages. Harper & Row. \$10.95.

Hau Kay. Here ve got new book abot mine debentures vit de beauriful, vunderful English langwitch. You remamber mebbe *The Education of H * Y * M * A * N K * A * P * L * A * N* from 1937? *The Return of H * Y * M * A * N K * A * P * L * A * N* from 1959? Now is mekink vun book from de odder two. (Only de whole kitten cadoodle is new becawss by Rosten is so much rewri-dink.) Absolutel!

De sin is again de same—American Night Preparatory School for Edults. (Batter it should say school for green-horns, becawss here is all pippel like me who are not livink lonk in U.S.) Comms again our titcher, Mr. Pockheel, to explain de hoddest pots gremmer, spallink, pernonciation an' de minnik English voids. But Rosten is in every pedge improvink. New fallow students he gives me. (Bloom, Tarnova, Matsoukas, Perez isn't inoff?) New titchers he puts in, new lassons, new voids.

Is improvink always mekink batter? I esk! I enser—I got de fonny fillink no. Like in my job—coter mens cloths—seemple is bast. Rosten (here I'm mekink dip bow to mine creator) is dis time coting too fency. Is mekink too many geks an' stratching avery'ting ot too lonk.

Steel I say: ridders, buy dis book! For why? Becawss of me, Kaplan. I am foist-cess student. A number vun. I make many mistakes, netchurel. But my mistakes make as moch sanse as English. Always Kaplan got rizzons, so mebbe is type of ginius. Iven Mr. Pockheel admits. Vhy else he kips me all to himself an' is never permodink me to higher grate? T-H-E-E-N-D.

Jock Lit 101

SPORTS IN AMERICA

by JAMES A. MICHENER

466 pages. Random House. \$12.50.

THE JOY OF SPORTS

by MICHAEL NOVAK

357 pages. Basic Books. \$10.95.

These days, it seems, sports are too important to be left to sportswriters. The bestselling novelist and the professor of philosophy under consideration here are only the latest literati to suit up and trot onto the playing field, drop-kicking references to Homer, Hemingway and John "Rabbit" Updike as they go.

And what does the sports shelf have to gain besides a higher class of allusion from this new breed of Jock Lit? Well, length for one thing—notably in

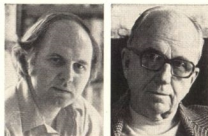


JOE DIMAGGIO AT WORK: ENACTING "THE WHITE ANGLO-SAXON PROTESTANT MYTH"?

the case of James Michener. As readers of tomes like *Hawaii* and *Centennial* can testify, Michener is not one to take his obligations lightly, and the way he tells it, he owes a lot to sports. As a closet jock—and most Jock Lit starts with confession—Michener testifies that basketball rescued him from a career of crime as a tough kid in Doylestown, Pa. At 69, tennis is his game. Since 1965, when he suffered a coronary infarction, he has credited sports with saving his life. By Michener standards, this calls for a nearly 500-page thank-you note.

Sports in America is less a well-shaped and readable book than a random walk on the subject by an author who may be thought of as the writing man's jogger. Besides frequent patches of straight autobiography, there are countless obligatory examples of the disguised autobiography known as the nostalgia-trivia game, including a play-by-play account of how Howard Ehmke almost (but not quite) pitched a no-hit game for the Red Sox on May 28, 1924. A fan as in fanatic, Michener further demonstrates the dread total recall of Jock Lit in reporting his meetings with everybody from Montreal Canadiens goalie Ken Dryden to Fleurette Rigby, a four-year-old minicar racer.

The Jock Lit man of letters must also let his reader know he is not just a sportswriter. Sooner or later he will bring the smell of the library to the bleachers, as well as vice versa. To introduce a tone of scholarship—take that, Red Smith!—Michener compulsively piles up statistics on matters ranging from the death rate of ex-athletes (they live a couple of years less than the rest



MICHAEL NOVAK & JAMES MICHENER

As well as references to Homer.

of us) to the win-loss records of Big Ten football teams and the average salaries in professional sports (as of 1974, basketball led with \$90,000 per star, followed by hockey at \$75,000).

Still, it is by his social theories that the new Jock Lit author tries finally to establish authority. The rambling nature of Michener's essay—chapter headings range from "The Media" to "Government Control"—allows him plenty of room for obiter dicta. They are all too predictable. Solemnly he warns against "the jungle of juvenile sports competition." As if it were a late bulletin, he announces that professional sports have become too violent ("I am worried about ice hockey"). He also worries about women athletes' vulnerability to foot injury, but he is, of course, for women in sports—and everywhere else, he claims, citing his portraits of Nellie Forbush in *South Pacific*, Elly Zahm in *Centennial*.

If Michener is the evangelist of sports—Jock Lit's Billy Graham—Novak is the theologian. "Sports is, somehow, a religion," Novak declares, and

BOOKS

happily settles down to his priestly duties. Works like "ritual," "legend" and "myth" labor in overtime. "Grace" takes on a double meaning. Old George Blanda is compared to Ulysses as he copes on "the green oval floor of the amphitheater" otherwise known as a football field. The "unforgettable stance and fluid swing" of Joe DiMaggio cannot be celebrated without cosmic theorizing. "Baseball is as close a liturgical enactment of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant myth as the nation has," Novak writes. "It is to games what the *Federalist Papers* are to books."

There is more Proustian remembrance to come, mostly in what may be described as sandlots-revisited prose: "It is difficult to express the sheer beauty I experienced facing leftward, feeling the blazing sun upon my head, feeling the weedy field fly beneath my feet... looking back and spotting it, falling out of the silvery blue sky, glinting in the sun, the burning pointed oval that my outstretched fingers so desired."

Killing the Fun. It is as if violence in sports has found a parallel in the violation of style by a Jock Lit author like Novak, who has written with considerable grace and intelligence on the equally treacherous subject of American politics (*Choosing Our King*). For sports' new and embarrassing lovers are not so much wrong as excessive. The shrill use of "joy" and "fun" and "pleasure" in the titles and texts comes to sound as suspect as "honest" in the name of a used-car dealer. Jock Lit authors are so deadly serious they kill the fun. Yet they are not serious enough. To suggest, as Novak does, that sports may lie at the heart of America's spiritual regeneration is to overrate sports—or underrate religion—or both.

Such claims aside, a marginal case can be made for Jock Lit. Taken as innocent ego trips by authors who want to retain title to a Huck Finn boyhood without forfeiting their college degrees, the genre may be enjoyed by nostalgic and overeducated readers on their own night off. Furthermore, the premise behind these books is admirable: Why should the jock and the egghead be cultural schizophrenics? Alas, the question remains unanswered by those who now raise it. As ex-Puritans, Michener, Novak and their literary teammates are simply trying too hard to get body and soul together.

Melvin Maddocks

The Stardust Malady

CROWNED HEADS

by THOMAS TRYON

399 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

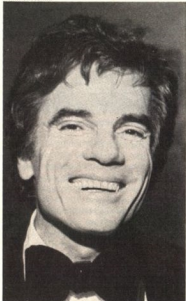
Weaving fiction around such a monstrously self-mythologizing place as Hollywood is like gilding a plastic lily. That is just what Thomas Tryon unabashedly attempts in *Crowned Heads*. He is not writing for the ages but for the balcony.

Given the success of his three pre-

vious novels (*The Other*, *Harvest Home*, *Lady*), Tryon is likely to draw quite a house. *Crowned Heads* reels off four novellas about imaginary film stars: Fedora, a mysteriously ageless movie queen; Lorna Doone, a onetime "All-American cookie" who has begun to crumble; Bobby Ransome, a former child star with growing pains; and Willie Marsh, an elegant old leading man with some shabby private habits. Though the paths of these four characters have sometimes crossed, their stories are chiefly linked by the book's epigraph, which Tryon has lifted from Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part II*: "Un-easy lies the head that wears a crown."

The sentiment—in this context a stunning banality—tips Tryon's hand. He is belaboring a tradition that goes

HERBY GROSSMAN



NOVELIST THOMAS TRYON

Gilding the plastic lily.

back at least as far as Boccaccio and John Lydgate's 15th century monstrosity *The Fall of Princes*—26,000 lines of bad poetry on the miseries that beset rulers. Something in human nature cannot resist being told that the richest, most powerful and most beautiful are also the most miserable. The plain fact that this is often not true has never weakened the formula's appeal, and Tryon plays it for whatever it is worth. No facet of his characters' exquisite unhappiness remains unbuffed. "There are better ways to amuse oneself than by being a movie star," Fedora pouts. "Movie star," Willie Marsh snarls. "It's a crock."

On the other hand, ex-Actor Tryon is canny enough to know that it is a crock of gold. He has not, after all, chosen to unmask malaise on the assembly line or among welfare mothers. *Crowned Heads* is crammed with enough props to put MGM back in production. No *clef* is needed for this *roman*. Real stars

parade by in abundance. Tryon also provides long lists of plausible but fictive movies and imaginary shows that set America humming (*Ditto, Really Truly True*). Even the four principal characters are amalgams of known personalities. Fedora owes something to Garbo, Dietrich and Gloria Swanson; lest readers think that she is any of these ladies, Tryon puts them all in Fedora's story.

When all this glitter is draped over a strong story line, the effect is impressive. *Lorna* is a powerful vision of a woman's physical and mental collapse at an out-of-the-way Mexican resort. Nor does Tryon stint on nostalgia. Skillfully he conjures up the well-nigh irresistible grandeur that prewar Hollywood displayed to the world when "people were driven by their liveried chauffeurs in Duesenbergs... when polo matches were played at Will Rogers' ranch and Gable danced with Lombard at the Trocadero."

Yet Tryon's narrative and descriptive talent is often hamstrung by annoying mannerisms and clichés (in a scant two lines he tosses off "fresh as a daisy" and "in the wink of an eye"). He can resist neither foreign phrases nor their quick translation ("Entendu. Understood"). He fussily overexplains his English as well: "Her husband was a hatter. Yes, a maker of hats." Some of the language is, alas, inexplicable: "His nose was long and authentic-looking."

None of this will matter much to those helplessly in thrall to the Hollywood mystique. Tryon's gloomy moralizing about crowned heads is window dressing; his loving reconstruction of a fading era is the work of a man still gaga over stardust. *Crowned Heads* is not a very trenchant study of the ways of the Dream Factory, but it is certainly a symptom of them.

Paul Gray

Prescription by Polemic

MEDICAL NEMESIS

by IVAN ILLICH

294 pages. Pantheon. \$8.95.

With only a few notable exceptions, such as some senior officials of the American Medical Association, almost everyone agrees that modern medicine is as sick as the patients it treats. Increasing specialization has sent the old—and often romanticized—doctor-patient relationship the way of such medical artifacts as the mustard plaster and the house call. New medical technology and a complicated insurance system have turned much of medicine from a profession into a business, reducing doctors to entrepreneurs and their patients to "medical consumers," who must be sold on the benefits of 20th-century health care very much as television viewers are sold on the questionable advantages of detergents or deodorants.

Still, few men take as harsh a view of medicine as Ivan Illich, 51, a Viennese-born priest who now makes his

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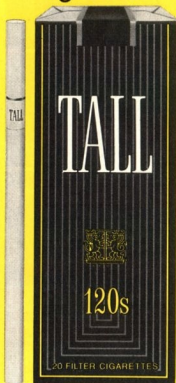
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home in Cuernavaca, Mexico. An iconoclast who has already attacked another major institution in his 1971 diatribe *Deschooling Society*, Illich zeroes in on the health industry in his newest attack and leaves no doubt as to how he regards the target. "The medical establishment," he writes in *Medical Nemesis* opening sentence, "has become a major threat to health."

Illich supports his thesis with a recitation of medicine's best-known faults: unnecessary surgery, the unforeseen long-term effects of certain "miracle" drugs, equipment malfunctions, malpractice. However justified, they add little if anything new to the case against modern medicine. Illich's attack is more telling when he takes up the extent to which medicine induces people to forgo control over their own lives in favor of getting as much treatment as they can. Says Illich: "Until proved healthy, the citizen is now presumed to be sick." The result, he points out, is "a morbid society that demands universal medicalization and a medical establishment that certifies universal morbidity."

Illich's diagnosis of medicine's malady is correct. But his prescription is both polemical and disappointing. He rejects such political and economic solutions as national health insurance and closer regulation. Instead, he proposes a return to conservatism, a sort of spiritual recognition that suffering is unavoidable in life, a facing up to the inevitability of death as well as the limits of medicine. There is no question that Illich's approach would decrease man's dependence on a medical establishment that already exerts great influence over him. Unfortunately, in the long run it would probably also deny him medicine's benefits.

Peter Stoler

Best Sellers FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Uris (1 last week)
- 2—1876, Vidal (2)
- 3—The Deep, Benchley (5)
- 4—A Stranger in the Mirror, Sheldon (3)
- 5—Agent in Place, MacInnes (4)
- 6—The Lonely Lady, Robbins (6)
- 7—The West End Horror, Meyer (7)
- 8—The R Document, Wallace (9)
- 9—The Gemini Contenders, Ludlum (8)
- 10—Crowned Heads, Tryon

NONFICTION

- 1—The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein (1)
- 2—Sword and Time, Hellman (2)
- 3—A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson (7)
- 4—World of Our Fathers, Howe (3)
- 5—A Year of Beauty and Health, Beverly & Vidal Sassoon (4)
- 6—The Rockefellers, Collier & Horowitz (5)
- 7—The Russians, Smith (6)
- 8—My Heart Belongs, Martin (9)
- 9—Passages, Sheehy
- 10—Sinatra, Wilson

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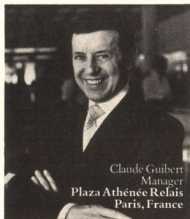
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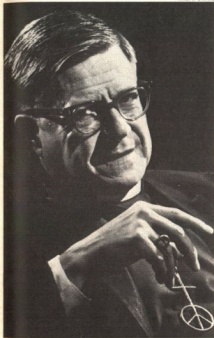
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Nothing Hidden

With the zest he showed plunging into everything from alcohol to psychic phenomena, from sex to theology, James A. Pike became America's most controversial 20th century clergyman. As an infant in Oklahoma, he won the Better Babies contest at the state fair two years running. In 1969, still hyperactive at 56, he got lost and died in Israel's Judean desert—and was the first Episcopal bishop ever to have three surviving wives attend the memorial service at his old cathedral in San Francisco.

Pike, who was frankness personified,

DAVID COHEN



BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
A private line for the ladies.

picked the title *Nothing to Hide* for the autobiography he never actually wrote. Now this biography (*The Death and Life of Bishop Pike*; Doubleday; \$10), by William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne, is even more candid than Pike was in life. The book has full backing from the bishop's last wife, Diane Kennedy Pike, whose introduction calls it "sensitively written" and adds "It has been my joy to cooperate with the authors." The authors tell in some detail how Diane became Pike's mistress long before they were married and nearly a year before he divorced his second wife.

Equally explicit are the accounts of many other aspects of the bishop's career. An alcoholic, he was three times picked up drunk and confused by police. He told one airline stewardess she

could not mix a good martini, standing up in the aisle to show her how to do it. He joined Alcoholics Anonymous in 1964 and with one brief lapse stayed dry thereafter.

Pike slept with various women during his second marriage, even installing a private line through which they could phone him. The most sensational episode came when Maren Bergrud committed suicide after a three-year relationship during which he had paid many of her bills with his bishop's discretionary funds. As she was dying, she told him she had taken 55 sleeping pills. He rushed her to her own nearby apartment, called a doctor, who could not save her, and removed the part of her suicide note addressed to himself, later giving it to his third wife. This read in part: "(a) I am unlovable and (b) you are unloving... Maren."

Not Much Help. The bishop's elder son, James A. Pike Jr., committed suicide at 20, apparently in unhappiness at being a homosexual. Stringfellow and Towne state: "Jim Jr. did talk with his father on at least one occasion... about his fears that he might be homosexual. Bishop Pike would later feel that he hadn't been much help." They report that Pike himself had had one "homosexual experience while he was a lonely law student at Yale... He hadn't found the experience unpleasant or distasteful. 'It was just that nothing seemed to fit together the way it should,' he said."

The authors examine Pike's many efforts to talk with the dead (notably Jim Jr.) in séances, and suggest that the mediums he used probably learned in advance almost all of the obscure information that so impressed the bishop. They also note that since he and Diane agreed on the survival of the soul, they cut the words "till death do us part" from their marriage ceremony.

Despite the examples of Maren Bergrud and his son, one of Pike's great gifts was in aiding the people who flocked to consult him.

He could make superb use of any idea or thing. At Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, he put "secular saints" in the stained-glass windows: Albert Einstein, John Glenn, Thurgood Marshall, Paul Tillich, Martin Buber and others. Early in his episcopate he read that Duke Ellington had composed a sacred concert for jazz, and promptly arranged for the Duke to give its world premiere at the cathedral. Nobody asked Ellington to join any memorial service to the bishop. But when the Duke heard there would be such a gathering at St. Clement's Church in Manhattan, he came, led the congregation in a hymn, then made one of his rare solo appearances at the piano. He explained: "I loved that man."

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TRUMAN CAPOTE, AUTHOR OF *ANSWERED PRAYERS*



ROMAN À CLEF TARGET JACQUELINE ONASSIS

Now for the Age of Psst!

On a wall of John Ehrlichman's home in Santa Fe hangs a framed piece of stationery imprinted "Aboard Air Force One" and signed by Henry Kissinger. Upon this official sheet, dated May 22, 1971, are recorded two games of ticktacktoe between Ehrlichman and the Secretary of State. One game is a draw. The other game shows Ehrlichman a winner. In the shade of this trophy—this fun-and-games scalp—Ehrlichman wrote his *roman à clef*, *The Company*, in which Kissinger, under the thinnest of disguises, has taken a second clobbering that the old ticktacktoe loser could hardly have dreamed of five years ago.

What exactly is a *roman à clef*? There is no equivalent in English for this phrase that literally means novel with a key—a story whose characters are modeled on real people. The *roman à clef*, a reader is tempted to answer, is ticktacktoe with a one-move handicap. Naturally there is more to it than that, and the question deserves a sober—but not too sober—answer. For, thanks to Ehrlichman and *The Company*, Truman Capote and *Answered Prayers*, and Elizabeth Ray and *The Washington Fringe Benefit*, the *roman à clef* may become not only the form the bestselling novel takes in 1976 but the symbol of a rather shoddy year that could just possibly go down in history as the Age of Psst!—Have-You-Hheard?

The *roman à clef* as a genre cannot be blamed. It holds an eminent position in literary history. In Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa* (1748), the villainous seducer, Lovelace, happened to be the Duke of Wharton. *Robinson Crusoe* was based on the desert-island experiences of one Alexander Selkirk off the coast of Chile, and *Tristram Shandy* caused not-always-comic shocks of recognition among the York neighbors of the puckish Laurence Sterne.

To novelists with a satirical bent, basing characters on enemies, rivals and unfaithful lovers has provided an accepted tool of revenge. Ernest Hemingway scored in *The Sun Also Rises* (Harold Loeb, the now-forgotten model for Robert Co-

hen, was satisfactorily furious, and one of the minor real-life woman characters took to bed for a week). Aldous Huxley did a number on D.H. Lawrence as the brilliantly insufferable crank, Mark Rampion, in *Point Counter Point*. Political debts have been paid too. One of the first *romans à clef*, Madeleine de Scudéry's *Artamène; ou Le Grand Cyrus* (1649), encoded in fiction the court of Louis XIV. H.G. Wells savaged Winston Churchill under the cover of Rupert Catskill in *Men Like Gods*.

What, then, sets apart the *roman à clef* of 1976? Hardly the quality of its malice. In the first installment of *Answered Prayers*, set at Manhattan's La Côte Basque restaurant during lunchtime, Capote was out to make his readers throw up while his characters ate. But he is merely a sniggering Boy Scout compared with Jonathan Swift, who, in *A Tale of a Tub*, had a character kneel in the street to pray, then void his bladder in the eyes of the passersby leaning over to investigate.

The complaint the contemporary reader can and must make is that never has there been so little *roman* and so much *clef*. Who would read *The Washington Fringe Benefit* if Wayne Hays did not exist? And, despite Capote's habit of rubbing his shoulders against Proust, is there not at least as much accuracy to Columnist Jack O'Brian's characterization of him as "Jackie Susann with an education."

The late Miss Susann cannot respond to that characterization, although *Dolores*, her newly published posthumous novel, includes a bitchy artist and vicious gossip named Horatio Capon. *Dolores* itself is the *roman à clef* in its most posterous incarnation. It is about Dolores Ryan, the beautiful widow of an assassinated U.S. President, who marries one of the world's richest men for his money. Is this truly the story of the fabulous Jackie O? Yes but no, since Susann was care-

ful in her novel to mention the existence of the real Jackie and Jack. Somehow the reader is supposed to believe that the incredible saga of the Kennedys was repeated. In effect, reading the book is like watching a TV soap with transmission ghosts.

Sputtering wit and hot rage were once indigenous to the *roman à clef*. The one thing that is shared by the 1976 models is cold calculation. The artist's self-contradiction, indifference, attaches equally to Susann's brazen knock-off, to Ray's sleazy exposé, to Capote's imitation of a fly on the La Côte Basque wall, and to Ehrlichman's recitation of other men's crimes.

Can this be coincidence? More instances will be needed to generalize from, and—no fear—they will be provided. But so far, the '70s *roman à clef* seems to fit all too neatly into the '70s style of unimpassioned corruption. That is, the genre promises to be to '70s literature what dirty tricks have been to '70s politics—a simple, practical, self-serving way of getting even, making a buck, saving your own skin or doing all three.

"A report, an account. Yes, I'll call it a novel," says Capote's alter ego in *Answered Prayers*, and the sequence tells all. But if the current authors of *romans à clef* are, in effect, only posing as novelists, the strategy remains masterly. In the first place, "novelist" makes a superb disguise: the politician, so to speak, laundering himself as artist, to take the case of Ehrlichman.

The new John Ehrlichman grows a beard, slips into chinos and desert boots, retreats in a VW "Thing" to his adobe hut up that dirt road, stacks Mozart on the stereo, and on notebook paper white as virgin sand produces... what? A novel—the quasi-religious American act that digests experience and judges it by the most scrupulous standards known.

Holy Hawthorne! Holy Melville! Holy Henry James! Holy John Ehrlichman! Out of can-do performance, into sensitivity—and, at the same time, into even more of a power game. The Rosencrantz of the Oval Office, the matey voice on the tape, is now metamorphosed into this all-comprehending recording angel who, in fact, records when and as he sees fit, with all the gaps he wants on the tapes, or no tapes at all.

What power beyond Washington's lustiest fantasy the *roman à clef* novelist possesses over his flesh-and-blood puppets! He is saviour and redeemer. He is hit man. Technically speaking, he is God. Morally speaking, he has the edge on God, if one assumes that God cannot play it both ways. To put it mildly, there is no equal time in the world of the *roman à clef*. And if one of the characters—say, a professor from Harvard and Vienna with thick glasses, a deep

voice, three chins and an encyclopedic knowledge of the Middle East, who plays ticktacktoe—should complain, the author need only reply: "You are not real. Didn't I say so in my preface?"

Such tightrope walking may have tragic consequences. In *Answered Prayers*, Capote implies that a character named Ann Hopkins murdered her husband in cold blood. Just before the installment containing this suggestion appeared in *Esquire*, a society woman named Ann Woodward committed suicide. Her friends charged—however unjustly—that Capote's story had driven her to take her life. In 1955 Mrs. Woodward was acquitted of the accidental shooting of her husband, Sportsman William Woodward Jr., but what retribution is ever available to the victims of literary sensationalism? Exile. The duel. Anathema. Adjectives like "dastardly." Alas, the only recourse may be another *roman à clef*.

Art, like life, is unfair, to paraphrase John F. Kennedy, another of Ehrlichman's victims. So the final argument cannot be one of pain or injustice. For those gored, it has always been the wrong time for the *roman à clef*. But now may be

the wrong time not only for the victims but for the authors, for the readers—for everybody. The mid-'70s guess—who novel is ingeniously designed to feed our particular malaise even while symbolizing it. Flinching at the very word "issue," exhausted by the ultimatums implicit in a hundred "problems" (that other dirty word!) that we do not understand, we are all too ready to reduce not only the novel but history to its lowest common denominator: gossip.

But does not the Age of *Pssst!* declare the bankruptcy of politics and art, pronounce the impotence of both one's capacity to behave well and to imagine passionately? It is enough to make a reader devoutly wish, at last, for the death of the novel. Or, if one is a cockeyed optimist, he can indulge in a little science fiction and predict a world—say, 2076—in which the novel, if not the White House, has returned to what Henry James defined it as: a "sacred office." Then the *roman à clef* of 1976 can be imagined ending up as a footnote in a Tricentennial history of America under W.

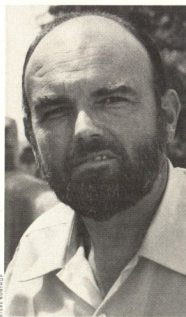
Washington Novel: Known in its more general and international form as "the Beautiful Bastards" novel. A subgenre that flourished, not by mere coincidence, along with fantasizing manuals on power (see *Korda, Michael*). Writers and readers, haunted by the fear of World War III and what was called "the energy crisis," perversely conspired to trivialize their times—and to end the world not with a bang but a titter. When (circa 1978) one of the authors—an alleged "Truman Capote"—was discovered to be fictitious himself, the "trend," as it was termed in those days, came to an abrupt end.

Melvin Maddocks

JONATHAN SWIFT



D.H. LAWRENCE SELF-PORTRAIT



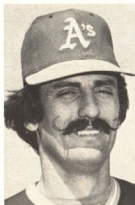
JOHN EHRLICHMAN



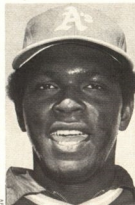
CHARLIE FINLEY



JOE RUDI



ROLLIE FINGERS



VIDA BLUE



BOWIE KUHN

The Millionaires Strike Out

Never tell a baseball fan that money cannot buy sappiness. By the time two of the game's richest teams and its most eccentric owner were through with what is already in the record books as the Tuesday Night Massacre, the only question was who was making a sap of whom.

The sequence of events began to unfold at an appropriate venue, DiMaggio's restaurant (Joe and Dom own small interests) on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, where Dick O'Connell, the general manager of the Boston Red Sox, got a message to telephone Charlie Finley, the exasperated (and exasperating) owner of the Oakland Athletics. For days Finley had been trying to trade or sell seven premier players of the A's who had refused to sign contracts; now he hoped to arrange a package deal that O'Connell could not decline. The spring trading deadline of midnight Tuesday, June 15, was only hours away and properties worth millions of dollars would soon be worth—to Finley—exactly zero, since at season's end his recalcitrant seven could sign, at no profit to Finley, with any team they chose.

Two Was Enough. Finley's proposal was a shocker, but no bigger one than O'Connell's acceptance of it: Boston would pay Finley \$1 million for Outfielder Joe Rudi, 29, and \$1 million for Relief Pitcher Rollie Fingers, 29. O'Connell was not, however, willing to spend a third million on the flashy lefthander, Vida Blue, 26.

It was a blatant effort to buy the Red Sox a World Championship, and one not without paths. For 43 years the team's benevolent millionaire owner, Thomas Yawkey, 73, had spent lavishly—and unsuccessfully—to bring Boston a World Series winner. The closest he came was last year when his underdog Red Sox lost to Cincinnati in the

ninth inning of a seven-game Series. Now Yawkey is seriously ill.

O'Connell decided, without even informing Yawkey of the details, that considering the circumstances Fingers and Rudi were worth \$2 million. The pair would seem to ensure that the Red Sox at least would win the American League's East Division, where a slow start had them six games behind the team that has tormented them for decades, the New York Yankees. When the sale was announced early Tuesday evening, Boston Manager Darrell Johnson said: "We'll show them something in Yankee Stadium." He spoke too soon.

The Red Sox assumed that a deal was set to sell Blue to the weak Detroit Tigers or, that failing, perhaps to the Minnesota Twins. When word leaked of Boston's purchase, in stepped an even higher roller than Yawkey, Yankee Owner George Steinbrenner. Finley jacked Blue's price to \$1.5 million, which did not faze the Yankees. At 8 p.m. they bought Blue, and then in the waning minutes before midnight made a nine-player trade with the dispirited Baltimore Orioles to get yet another unsigned ex-Oakland pitching star, troublesome Ken Holtzman, 30.

It was a dealing day unmatched in baseball history. The implications were enormous and the reaction violent. Successful legal attacks on baseball's reserve clause, which binds players to teams, were now proved to have precisely the most feared consequences: rich teams would buy the stars and ruin competition in the sport.

Finley said he had been forced to sell because of "astronomical and unjustified" player salary demands. Angry fellow owners called it "a terrible thing," "a dark day." White Sox Owner Bill Veeck's telling summary: "It destroys the illusion... that this is a game

for the fans." The fans knew it, too, even in Boston and New York. Of the first 20 calls to a Boston sports talk show, not one defended the Sox deal. New York Times Columnist Dave Anderson wrote: "A sense of embarrassment dominates what the Yankees did."

As the protest rose, baseball suddenly got support from an unanticipated source, the game's own commissioner. Heretofore known primarily for his timidity, Bowie Kuhn ordered the principals in the sales to New York for a meeting and listened to their explanations. Finley, decked out in gala canary yellow, left laughing, and Steinbrenner gave a thumbs-up sign.

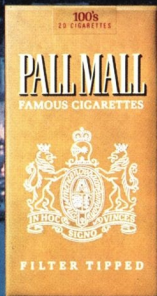
A Test of Power. For 24 hours Kuhn brooded. Then came his answer, one of the strongest actions taken since the founding of the commissioner's office 55 years ago. Saying the sales "gravely undermined" public confidence in the integrity of the game, Kuhn ordered that Finley's three players remain with Oakland. He said he could not view the "spectacle" of the sales as "anything but devastating to baseball's reputation," and that if he did not have the power to prevent "a development so harmful to baseball as this," then the game's system of self-regulation was a "virtual mirage."

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's first iron-fisted commissioner, could hardly have put the case more toughly. Left unmentioned in Kuhn's decision was a major worry. Some 55 players, many of them the game's most valuable, will be free agents once the season is over. The wheeling and dealing then could make the Tuesday Night Massacre look like a taffy pull.

At week's end Blue, Fingers and Rudi belonged back in Oakland's green and Finley was out \$3.5 million of the long green. He also was heading straight for court as were the Yankees. Finley's characterization of Kuhn: "He sounds like the village idiot."

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